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LITERATURE

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE centenary of Tennyson's birth has been commemorated at Somersby, Lincolnshire, by restoring the tower of the church and placing within the edifice a bronze bust of the poet. On Monday a gathering was held in a field opposite the birthplace, and Professor T. Herbert Warren, of Magdalen College, Oxford (whose delightful inaugural lecture was noticed in THE ACADEMY for June 17th), delivered an address on "Tennyson, the Poet, in the Poet's Land." He emphasised, among other points, the necessity for understanding the Victorian Age, which Tennyson so exactly represented, if we would thoroughly comprehend the poet himself and his work, and noted how inseparable from that work were the Lincolnshire lowlands. Canon Rawnsley, whose mind runs naturally and periodically into the sonnet's "scanty plot of ground," spoke on memories of Tennyson, and the whole celebration was fitting and dignified, worthy of the Laureate's fame. We have small patience with anecdote-hunters who recollect that "as a boy" various famous men were fond of apples or sweets, or had a predilection for climbing trees; most boys like apples, and not many healthy youngsters can resist the appeal of a conveniently low-branched tree. The "hero as baby" is liable to become a bore, and Tennyson has suffered in this respect more than once. His fame, however, is securely

set upon true foundations, and, in spite of the undeniable "prettiness" of some of his poems, he expressed with fine technique and often flawless melody the spirit of a definite period in the development of modern thought.

For an illustration of how very far wrong a superficial observer can go we have rarely seen anything to equal the statements of Miss Tanguay, a leading American actress, who has been among us taking notes. London is the "dingiest, dirtiest, most poverty-stricken place" she ever saw, and, as she failed to obtain any iced drinks, and complains that in spite of her generous offer of untold gold her liquid refreshment was invariably of the temperature of hot water, the only possible conclusion is that she patronised the restaurants of Whitechapel or the New Cut. London policemen "wear great long chin-whiskers that hang down on either side"—so the innocent interviewer was informed. They do affect such hirsute decorations, it is true, on the music-hall stage. "All Englishmen are stupid and don't know how to talk. They just look at you," wails the lady who is so desirous of intellectual conversation, "and say 'Ah, ye-as,' and 'Ah, no,' and 'Fawncy.'" She must have bored them pretty badly. As for the English women, they are "frights—positive frights; they wear the shabbiest, frumpiest clothes, particularly in the street." Whitechapel again, clearly. Bond Street and Regent Street—Miss Tanguay may not have heard of them—can show the visitor some of the smartest and best-dressed men and women in the world on any summer day. It is a pity no kind friend could have guided the brilliant one from overseas away from the East-end into the fragrant West. And as for her naïve assertion that "you can travel all over London for a shilling in a taxi-cab, which is nice"—well, it would be nice if it could be done.

Paris, being "more like New York," is not quite so bad, although even there the lady of eclectic tastes, confessedly on the alert for novelties, did not see an object worth getting, and groans in spirit because the "parks" are "such messy things." Here, again, she seems to have visited the wrong quarter of the city, for she told her scribe that "the Frenchmen have a silly way of walking along the streets with their arms around the women's waists," which in her opinion is "conspicuous and ill-bred." We are fairly familiar with Paris, but do not recollect the affectionate attitude alluded to as a national characteristic; the unsophisticated lady, however, seems not to realise that at the date of her visit—mid-July—Paris permits itself a little extra hilarity. The whole series of comments proves that ten days in Europe is hardly long enough a stay to gather material for a really accurate or comprehensive appreciation of national habits and character. Perhaps at some future time Miss Tanguay will give London a whole fortnight's study, in which case she may discover that iced refreshments figure on the menu of any good restaurant during the summer months, and that most of her other statements need considerable revision.

Major North, who has contributed to the columns of THE ACADEMY, was presented on August 2nd with a silver cigar-box at the Royal Colonial Institute in acknowledgment of his services to certain of our visitors from over the seas during the recent festivities. We reproduce the inscription, and congratulate the recipient:—"Presented to Major Piers William North by the Representatives of the General Community of the Colonies possessing Responsible Government and the Crown Colonies, as a token of their esteem and in recognition of his courteous attention to them during their visit to the United Kingdom on the occasion of the King's Coronation, July, 1911."

A DREAM OF BEAUTY

I dreamed that every beauteous sound and hue
 And form that Nature hath—the ocean's roar,
 Its emerald, and the foam along its shore,
 The winds, the grass and flowers, the sparkling dew,
 The heavens' azure, dawn and sunset-shine,
 Twilight, the beams of moon and stars, and flame
 Of Autumn-coloured leaves—before me came,
 And meeting, merged unto a form divine.

Incarnate Beauty 'twas, whose spirit thrills
 Through sapphire seas, and verdant plains and hills,
 And in the cloud-lost snowy peaks is pent.
 Enrobed in splendid light she hovered o'er,
 But as I gazed, in doubt and wonderment,
 Mine eyes were dazzled, and I saw no more.

CLARK ASHTON SMITH.

Auburn, California.

THE FRUITS OF CODDLE

TWENTY miles of London's river-frontage, usually the scene of liveliest labour, lie idle and almost deserted. The thousands of men who are generally engaged in earning their living by unloading and transporting merchandise are now busily occupied in striking and in persuading others to strike, and, incidentally, in providing a remarkably vivid object-lesson to all with any pretensions to intelligent judgment of the danger inseparable from ill-considered action.

Some time ago a comparatively small number of men made demands on the Port of London Authorities, which were immediately conceded; the way was thus opened, the ground prepared, for the inflammatory words of that exclusively modern product—the "agitator." Insidiously, at street-corners, in the public parks, in all places where workers congregate at the dinner-hour, he has (for a consideration) emitted turgid streams of Socialist oratory and ultra-Radical rant, until the man earning a comfortable wage, hitherto content, becomes uneasy. Then, upon some fancied grievance, or even upon some real grievance which might easily have been arranged by a little common-sense, the man—poor fellow!—is "ordered" to strike, and dare not refuse. Perhaps he gains his point; but in a few weeks or months, at the bidding of others, he is compulsorily idle again. Thus the process goes on until a climax of fatuity such as the present state of affairs is reached.

Surely never before, even in these days when so much defiance is bawled in the face of authority, have such deplorable words been used in public places as those which Mr. Ben Tillett spoke in Trafalgar Square on Saturday last? "We have prepared a campaign for next week"—thus the voice of Tillett—"which I hope will bring every man-jack out of the docks, so as to show the employers that we mean business. If we cannot win, I will move heaven and earth to get all ports of the United Kingdom blocked, and, if possible, to declare an international transport strike." Again, speaking on Monday, this mischievous adviser gave it as his opinion that in the circumstances "no man ought to work, and the Port of London should be brought to a dead stop till the dispute ended." He counsels the men "to insist that they should

not be called on to work ten minutes, five minutes, or even five seconds after or before their proper time," and, "with regard to the 'recommended' man, whose character was made by the parson—well, parsons, so far as making characters were (*sic*) concerned, were the biggest liars in the world." And after this gibberish came a piece of colossal impudence; referring to the efforts of the Army Service Corps, which stepped in and did some necessary work—"If they do that," said Tillett, "we shall have to consider the whole supply of food throughout the country." In other words, England is to be at the mercy of a creature—we hardly venture to say a man—of this stamp. Such utterances, we say emphatically, should be made an offence against the law—as, in spirit, they are.

What success has attended his efforts? As we write, in mid-week, the capital of the Empire is harassed by what can without exaggeration be termed an industrial war. Many thousands of dockers are idle; ten thousand carmen have joined the strike, and, if ordered by their Union, from twenty to thirty thousand more will come out shortly. Valuable loads of perishable goods have been wantonly upset and wasted in the streets; the railway companies serving the miles of wharves are unable to fulfil their contracts; London itself, if the chaos remains unrulèd, is threatened with famine-prices and shortage of life's necessities. In addition to this, England is fairly ringed with labour troubles. Liverpool, Manchester, Grangemouth, Hull, are in confusion, and the revolt of the transport workers in the north is becoming serious—so serious, in fact, that there is talk of its spreading to London.

Whether it does so or not—whether in the course of the next few days a peaceful settlement is arrived at or not, is not the main point. The outstanding feature to note is that all through the country the old pleasant and mutually profitable relationship between employers and employed is practically at an end. Scarcely any firm is so self-contained, or so independent of outside help in the conduct of its business, as to stand alone, however happy its internal arrangements may be. This is the day of "allied" trades and "associated" workers; also, alas! of "conciliatory boards," whose well-meant efforts too frequently prove futile. And in the face of this fact—the death of harmony between capital and labour—in the face of this incessant turmoil, so detrimental to the interests of the community at large, those in political authority have pandered to that irresponsible portion of the population which needs guidance rather than power, ruling rather than liberty. Tonyandy saw the beginning of the mischief—the lack of a firm hand then was obvious; and in various instances since then Mr. Winston Churchill has interfered with the usual course of law and justice, creating dangerous precedents and encouraging rebels to hope for undue lenience or even the cancellation of their penalty.

Curiously enough, men in revolt against the conditions of their employment are generally selfish egotists with an eye to the main chance, and invariably call themselves Socialists. In theory, a Socialist aims at the good of his fellows; in practice, he is generally after a little more luxury for himself. The striker does not see that in the end his agitations must recoil on his own head—since such things cannot go on indefinitely, and his last state is bound to be worse than his first. The only hope lies in the fact that if this present lamentable struggle is carried on to extremes, it will prove in its results to be a salutary lesson, both to those who legislate in an absurd and grandmotherly fashion, and to those who bind themselves by agreements in such ridiculous wise that if five men are given notice for a fault, five thousand must immediately support them by violent and audacious protest.

W. L. R.

THE NATIONAL INSURANCE BILL

SOME CRITICISMS FROM A TRADE UNION POINT OF VIEW.—I.

THE very extent and complexity of the Bill providing for insurance against ill-health, disablement, and unemployment has made effective criticism difficult, especially on the part of workmen continuously following their occupations; these have little time for the consideration of abstruse problems presented in the terminology affected by draftsmen of Parliamentary measures. Throughout the country, however, these workmen were more or less prepared for the main provisions of the Bill, though the promise of these, in some respects, went beyond their anticipations. Many of them had already considered the possibility of the State supplementing their own efforts, for it was becoming impossible for them to ignore the effect of industrial and economic changes upon the stability of the financial provision which they had endeavoured to make. The gradual lengthening of the average of life and the steadily increasing probabilities of periodical unemployment had endangered the solvency of many existing funds for dealing with sickness and unemployment, and had made it very difficult to start new funds. Many discussions had prepared the way for the acceptance of a scheme of State-help and had reconciled them to a modified supervision of those funds the State would help to strengthen, always providing that any measure having this object in view was so drafted as to avoid inflicting injury upon institutions which had attempted the provision of these benefits before the State showed signs of recognising its responsibilities.

There are some provisions of the present Bill which provoke differences of opinion amongst Trade Unionists without exactly creating general antagonism. A minority is in favour of a non-contributory scheme, but a non-contributory scheme for able-bodied workers was opposed as being contrary to the teaching and practice of the older Unions, whose leaders have encouraged their members to believe that whatever was worth having was worth paying for; who have insisted upon contributions in connection with the ordinary activities of the Union, and that such contributions should be sufficient to provide not only immediate benefits, but also respectable reserves. A contributory scheme was considered necessary not only to obviate the charge of inconsistency but to justify the demand for adequate representation upon administrative and advisory bodies; it was mainly because the Unions expected such representation that they voted in favour of a contributory scheme. Those who take this view argue at the same time that where wages are insufficient to justify the exaction of a compulsory contribution it is the business and the duty of the Unions themselves to use all their resources to secure higher rates of pay.

Considerable difference exists amongst Unionists as to the effect of Clause 18, Section 3, which provides that an approved society shall consist of not less than 10,000 members. On the one hand, it is contended that such a number is necessary, not only to equalise insurable risks, and spread them over a sufficient area, but to minimise administrative expenses, and to justify a demand for the application of the clause to employers' clubs, which are nowhere democratically managed. It is argued, too, that the opportunities offered to the small societies to federate for the purposes of the Bill will accentuate the present-day tendency towards amalgamation and consolidation of Trade Union forces. On the other hand, many of the smaller Unions claim the right to continue the attempt to work out their own salvation in their own way, and to enjoy under the Bill a right of distribution equal to that of the larger Unions.

¶ Much, of course, depends upon the point of view. The members of big Unions and the men with big ideas concerning the future of the Trade Union movement are in favour of the clause, while the man whose Union caters for occupations employing limited numbers, or whose horizon is bounded by the desire to retain his Union's individuality, is in favour of abolishing numerical restrictions altogether.

While there are some provisions of the Bill about which Trade Unionists only differ, there are others which they generally agree to condemn as being either unfair to the individual or dangerous to the Union. Amongst the unfair provisions is the one in Clause 9, Section 2, which limits the rate of sickness benefits to two-thirds of the usual wages. This limitation is an extraordinary departure from the practice of all organisations paying friendly benefits. Neither precedence nor policy justifies the proposal, nor could any voluntary society continue to exist which declared that, while the well-to-do and the poor should pay the same actual contribution, the poor must receive an inferior benefit. Surely the need of the 12s. per week man, who pays nearly 3 per cent. of his wages as premium, is at least as great in sickness as is the need of the 36s. per week man, whose premiums are less than 1 per cent. of his wages. As a matter of fact the need of the poor man is greater, for he has smaller opportunities of making independent provision. No one has attempted to argue that this limitation is a just one; the most that has been adduced in its favour is that it may reduce malingering and increase the actuarial soundness of the Friendly Societies, the latter of course at the expense of the ill-paid. Those who assert that this limitation may reduce malingering assume that the worst-paid members of the community are the greatest malingerers—an assumption entirely unsupported by experience. It was clearly evident from the tone of the debate in Committee of the House that it was the Friendly Societies who were behind the Government's insistence upon this clause, and not the Trade Unions.

Attempts have been made to secure some modification of the clauses dealing with arrears, but the Government has hitherto declined to relieve the workman of the liability to pay the employer's share of arrears accruing during periods of unemployment. There is some justification for demanding the payment by the workman of his own share of arrears, but to ask him to pay the employer's share also is placing a very serious burden upon his shoulders. During periods of unemployment other arrears also accumulate—rent must be paid and food must be bought; clothes, boots, and household requisites wear out, and one of the most miserable periods in a workman's life is that period immediately following upon a long spell of unemployment; every creditor expects to take first share of wages, which are seldom much above subsistence rate. Some attempt should be made to deal with this question, either by ignoring the employer's share of arrears altogether, or by the State undertaking the responsibility for them; otherwise a very large proportion of the population will be intermittently contributing to the fund without having the slightest chance of receiving benefit.

The right of commutation which is conceded to the employers in Clause 70 is opposed by Trade Unionists, who fear that it may lead to unnecessary short time, and who claim, in the event of commutation being permitted, that the workman shall have equal rights with the employer to commute on the same terms and at the same ratio.

Clause 63,* Section 1, is at present very ambiguous, and unless the term "directly affected" is properly defined many misunderstandings will arise and much irritation

* A workman who loses employment by reason of a trade dispute involving a strike or lock-out by which he is directly affected shall be disqualified for receiving unemployment benefit so long as the strike or lock-out continues.

follow. During the dispute in the cotton trade the lock-out notices caused the stoppage of carters employed by various firms, but the General Federation of Trades Unions held that these men, though involved in the effects of the dispute, were only unemployed and not directly affected; that is, they had no claim concerning wages, hours, or conditions, to prefer or defend, nor would they be consulted when the actual combatants entered into negotiations for settlement; consequently they would not be entitled to lock-out benefit. During the recent lock-out of boilermakers fifteen thousand who were in the yards when notices were posted were held to be directly affected and entitled to lock-out pay, while seven thousand members of the same society who were prevented by the dispute from obtaining or even applying for situations were held to be not directly affected, as were 9,600 members of other Unions whose industrial relationships compelled them to cease work at the same time, or shortly after, the notices of the boilermakers became operative. These were all held to be unemployed and entitled only to unemployed benefit.

During the second reading stage of the Bill the President of the Board of Trade made a statement which has been held to be an admission of the right of workmen in such circumstances to unemployed benefit under the scheme. The Trade Unions desire not only that this clause shall be made quite clear, but that it shall be extended so as to ensure benefit for workmen who, having no quarrel themselves, are involved in what may be termed disciplinary lockouts; that is, lockouts undertaken by employers' federations in one district for the purpose of coercing locked-out workers or strikers in another part of the country. Workmen have no control over such lockouts, which often involve unnecessary dislocations of industry and inflict gratuitous hardship; they are often undertaken in an arbitrary spirit, and it does not appear unreasonable to ask that involuntary participants in such lockouts should be entitled to unemployed benefits under the national scheme.

Clause 11,* which deals with sums obtained under the

*11.—(1) Where an insured person has received or recovered or is entitled to receive or recover, whether from his employer or any other person, any compensation of damages under the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1906, or any scheme certified thereunder, or under the Employers' Liability Act, 1880, or at common law, in respect of any injury or disease, the following provisions shall apply:—

(a) No sickness benefit or disablement benefit shall be paid to such person in any case where any weekly sum or the weekly value of any lump sum paid or payable in respect of any such compensation or damages is equal to or greater than the benefit otherwise payable to such person, and where any such weekly sum or the weekly value of any such lump sum is less than the benefit in question, such part only of the benefit shall be paid as, together with the weekly sum or the weekly value of the lump sum, will be equal to the benefit:

(b) The weekly value of any such lump sum as aforesaid may be determined by the society or committee by which the sickness and disablement benefits payable to such person are administered:

(c) No person entitled to any such compensation as aforesaid from his employer shall, except with the consent of the society or committee by which the sickness and disablement benefits payable to such person are administered, enter into any agreement to accept any lump sum in respect thereof, and any agreement entered into without such consent shall be null and void:

(d) Nothing in this section shall affect the right of an employer to redeem a weekly payment by payment of a lump sum in any case where he is entitled to do so under the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1906, but where he exercises such right he shall, within three days thereafter, send to the Insurance Commissioners, or to the society or committee concerned, notice in writing of such redemption, giving particulars as to the amount of the lump sum and of the application thereof.

Workmen's Compensation Act and the Employers' Liability Act so adversely affects trade unions that they have scarcely regarded the clause seriously; they never dreamed it could pass the House of Commons without drastic amendment. Had they imagined that it could go through the Committee stage without the deletion of its most objectionable features a very different attitude would have characterised the National Conference on the Bill which was held in June. The clause as it stands injures the Unions in two ways: it takes out of their hands what has become a most important part of their work, and it leaves their members in an infinitely worse position than they were without the Government's interference. The Workmen's Compensation Act gave the Trade Union officials certain rights in connection with the conduct of compensation cases; they were empowered to act, in the interests of their members, without the intervention of a solicitor. Many of them took advantage of the opportunities offered, and their successes were often followed by accessions of membership. Clause 11 will sweep all this work out of their hands, and in two or three years effectively kill the Workmen's Compensation Act. What will be the use of fighting these cases if the financial results go to some other organisation? What will be the use of fighting such cases if a victory means no material improvement of the injured workman's financial situation?

A NEW COLUMBUS AND A NEW WORLD—II.

By FRANK HARRIS

I HAVE never heard or read of any fights so desperate, so diabolically clever and cruel, as those Fabre describes between insects. Dozens of different species paralyse their victims by stinging them in the nerve-centres and then store them in their nests as living food for their larvæ. Not one bungles the operation or stings at random; knowledge directs the weapon—one might almost say scientific knowledge. As Fabre says, chance has no rule.

But, after all, many of these combats are like a fight between a pirate and a merchant-ship—the difference in size is more than made up by the difference in armament. The pirate is sure to win. But Fabre tells also of death-struggles where every conceivable advantage is with the big fellow, and yet the daring little assailant brings off the victory. For example, every one knows the terrible spider of the South—the spider with the black belly, the Tarantula—whose poisonous bite kills a mole or a small bird, and often makes even a man seriously ill. Well, there is a waspish creature called the Calicurgue Annelé, or Pompile, not half the size of the Tarantula, and with a sting not a tithe as venomous, who does not hesitate to attack the great spider. On dissecting the Tarantula, Fabre found that the thorax was the place in which a sting would paralyse its motor-nerves. He then brought the two enemies face to face. The disproportion in size, strength, and armour seemed enormous; yet the Pompile was not frightened. He walked round the spider and halted, as if to seize it by a limb. At once the great Tarantula rose on its hind legs and opened its mouth: Fabre saw the poison glistening on its poignards. The Pompile walked away, but was not frightened. It was the Tarantula that showed fear and hate; he hurried after the Pompile and seized him; put poison-fangs on him, but did not bite; why not? Fabre could not imagine. But the

fact remains. One day, however, the Pompile assaulted the Tarantula face to face and stung him—in the thorax? No, he knew a trick worth two of that, a trick which the human anatomist had overlooked.

If he paralysed the motor nerves the Tarantula might still bite him. With the utmost precision and care the Pompile stabbed the great spider in the mouth, thus rendering him incapable of using his fangs, and then, after examining his head to make sure it was powerless, he darted his sting into the thorax again and again, so that his young might not be incommoded by the spider's movements. The little insect is as clever as a surgeon practised in dissection.

There is still another insect that attacks and conquers in the same way; but as soon as it has brought off the stab in the mouth it executes a triumphal, ferocious war-dance round its victim. "Look at the great brute," it seems to say. "I've pricked him and made him harmless; I am a swell at the game." Then having made sure that its victim is indeed powerless to strike, it proceeds scientifically to paralyse one motor-centre after the other, and sometimes there are a dozen that must be operated upon before the victim is entirely helpless.

The love-making of many insects is just as interesting as their mortal combats. Fabre has a chapter on the pairing of the Scorpions of Languedoc, which is more fascinating than any of our novels.

He begins by describing the creature. It is some three inches long, and straw-coloured. Its tail, which it generally carries arched over its back, is in reality the stomach, and the last joint of it contains the poisonous sting. The poison itself looks like a drop of water, and no chemical analysis of it has yet been successful, for when the ingredients revealed in the analysis are again combined, the poison has lost its power. The sting itself is very strong and sharp, curved like the striking tooth of a snake, and, like the snake's poison-fang, the hole from which the poison issues is a little away from the end. The animal uses its front claws or pincers as a weapon or as a means of getting information.

Fabre keeps his scorpions in a glass cage, and studies them at leisure. For the most part of the year they are quiet and solitary; two are never seen together. But in April they begin to move about and get lively. He suddenly becomes aware that they are eating one another; here is a pair, and half of one is already consumed. Is it the result of a combat? A little later he finds another, and yet another instance of cannibalism. As the summer advances the fact becomes common. He begins to study it. He notices at once that the one eaten is always middle-sized and a little paler in colour than the cannibal. In other words, it is the large brown female which eats the male. It is always the male which is eaten. Fabre begins to study the business by night with a lantern. To his astonishment he finds a sort of ball going on. These creatures, which used to be so solitary and so shy now come out of the shade and hurry together in crowds under the light as to a dance. Their agility makes the onlooker smile. Clearly they are sorting themselves out in pairs. Here the male touches a female with the end of his claw, but immediately springs back again as if he had been burnt. Another pair join hands, but as soon as their tails meet and touch they move away from each other as if in disgust. At times there is a regular tumult; a whole crowd of claws and pincers and tails rubbing and touching and pinching, one scarcely knows whether in anger or in love. The play is madder than a romp of kittens. They all fly apart; then they begin to come back again. Suddenly Fabre notices a pair who take hands in a friendly way, and rub tails together evidently content. Side by side, claw in claw, they walk away together. They

are evidently courting like a village boy and girl. Every now and then the male caresses the back of his companion with his tail. The female accepts his caress.

To his amazement, they stop and kiss. There can be no doubt about it. Fabre has watched it again and again. The two faces—or what should be faces—come together and the two mouths meet. The two hands are clasped, too, the male sometimes lets loose one pair of pincers in order to pass his claw tenderly over the horny head of his companion. Clearly the pair are kissing; yet there is no face there, nothing but two eyes and a great cavity and a jaw, and yet the two horrible masks evidently enjoy the embrace. Now and then the male pretends to bite her, and his mouth mumbles her mouth, while his front claws are caressing the horrible mask that is no doubt lovely in his sight. There is a French proverb which says the dove invented the kiss, but the scorpion, Fabre declares, was before the dove.

There is every trick of coquetry in this female. Suddenly she has had enough, and strikes the male's wrists away, and pretends to go off by herself. The male follows her, takes her claws in one of his, and caresses her back with his tail. Again they resume their walk together. A piece of tile is in their way. At once the male works with his tail and one claw in order to make a cave underneath the tile. He tries to draw the female in; but she resists; she will not enter the newly-made bridal-chamber. With sulky determination she draws the male from underneath the tile, and they continue their walk. For hours the courtship goes on. Again the male finds a sheltered nook; this time under a slate. Again the female resists; but this time the male is more determined, and draws her resolutely towards the cave in spite of her resistance. But when she comes to the edge of the slate she finds support. Not only does she root her paws in the ground, but curls her tail over so that it stems itself against the slate; she then stiffens into rigidity. The struggle continues minute after minute, but at length the male has to give in; the pressure is relaxed and the walk is resumed, with its caressings and hideous kissings.

This courtship has all sorts of incidents. Every now and then the pair meet some other females, who always stop and watch the couple, perhaps out of jealousy, for now and then one throws herself on the female and holds her claws and does her best to stop the walk. The male protests against the interference. He pulls and drags at his companion in vain; he cannot budge the two females; again and again he strains to the task, but without success. Suddenly he gives up the courtship and turns away. Another female is close by; he seizes her by the claws and invites her to continue the promenade, but she will not; she resists, struggles with him and then scuttles away. Nothing daunted, he goes to a third in the crowd of female onlookers, and this time is more fortunate, the female accepts his claw and they go off together. With this lady the courtship is not so long. At the first piece of tile the male drops one claw of his companion and uses his free claw and his tail to hollow out a cave. Little by little he enters, drawing the complacent female with him. Soon they have both disappeared. A movement or two of the tail on the inside and a little mound of sand is pushed up behind them; the door is shut, the couple are at home.

Again and again Fabre lifts the tile, but discovers nothing: the claws are intertwined, the mouths touching, but as soon as the light falls on them the lovers separate; yet in the morning, if he leaves them undisturbed, he always finds the tragedy completed, the male has fulfilled the purpose of his brief life and is already partially devoured by the female. She goes to work quite calmly to eat him, and returns again and again to the hideous feast until her lover

is all consumed except the hardest parts of his claws and tail. All the coquetry, all the love-making, all the caressing and kissing ends in the murder of the lover and the disgusting feast on his remains.

Fabre does not forget to tell us what splendid mothers these cannibal, cruel female scorpions make. They take infinite care of their little ones, spending weeks on their nurture and training, weeks in which the mother does not even eat, so devoted is she to her young.

Scorpions are supposed to be viviparous, but Fabre proves that their young come into the world in a sort of soft egg like a snake's egg, and have to be freed and cleansed by the mother.

He tells, too, how the scorpion family is brought into the world in July, and how nearly he missed the experience because some great naturalist had said the time was September. For years, he declares, he has read very little. He prefers the book of Nature which is open before him and which does not lie. Most of the printed books, he says, even those of the masters, are so full of errors that he prefers to see and record facts for himself.

I should like to tell of Fabre's other activities and wider views. There is an interview with Pasteur as a young man which is a masterpiece of kindly observation and sunny humour. Fabre's poetry, too, should be described; for he has a genuine poetic gift, extraordinarily simple yet profoundly touching, with a rare feeling both for the colour of words and their rhythm.

I like to picture him as he sits before his cottage; the spare, bent figure; the wide, soft hat, the soft, white, turned-down collar setting off the clean-shaven face—a finely-balanced face which should have been drawn by Holbein, with its broad forehead, strong nose, and large, firm chin, for Holbein alone could give us the effect of the crow's-feet and the intent, piercing eyes, made small as if to shutter out the too strong light, the sharp eyes which are yet patient and at bottom very very sad.

For this is the soul of the great searcher after truth: he will see all there is to be seen and bring to the task infinite courage and patience; but "vanity of vanities, all is vanity" is to him the conclusion of the whole matter:—

"I should like to believe in progress," he says, "in the gradual growth of intelligence from plane to plane, the progress upwards and development; I should like to believe in it if I could; but I can't. . . .

"I find God in my own heart more clearly than in the outside world. . . .

"The world I have studied is a tiny world, and yet this little patch of life is an infinite ocean, unfathomable and full of undiscovered secrets. The light penetrates a little way below the surface; but lower down all is darkness and silence, abyss on abyss. . . .

"Success in this world is to the noisy and combative, to those who talk about themselves in and out of season like cheap jacks at a fair: they become known because they make a noise."

"But have you reached no conclusion, M. Fabre?" one asks; "Does no hypothesis lead towards the heart of the mystery?"

He shakes his head. "I have found none. To science nature is an enigma without a solution. Every generation has its own pet hypothesis. We climb over the crumbling ruins of forgotten theories, but truth always escapes us. We have no net with which to capture truth. . . .

Are we not even a mystery to each other? Nay, is not each man a mystery to himself? a creature of infinite possibilities, of miserable imperfect achievement?

So talks perhaps the wisest man and certainly the best-read in the book of Nature of whom the centuries have left us any record.

REVIEWS

THE "CLOUDS" OF ARISTOPHANES

The Clouds of Aristophanes. With Introduction, English Prose Translation, &c., by W. J. M. STARKIE, Hon. Litt.D., Hon. LL.D. (Macmillan and Co. 12s. net.)

ALTHOUGH compulsory Greek has been to some extent abolished at Oxford, the language holds too strong a position and its merits are too well recognised on various grounds for it ever to disappear from the University. And although again in this utilitarian age the claims of Modern Languages and Science appear to many to require recognition at the expense of Greek, it can still be rightly held that no literary education can be complete without a knowledge of the language of ancient Greece and all that that nation achieved for art and culture in the past ages. The relics of the Greek Drama that have been recovered are a priceless possession of the world. Though so much has perished, we know fully the stages by which the Tragic Drama was developed from the dithyrambic song chanted in favour of Dionysus, the wine-god, at public festivals, and how after half a century it was supplemented by Comedy, the spontaneous mirth-making at rustic festivals of vintage and harvest, when the forces of Nature were boisterously worshipped.

The great masters of Tragedy differed in their natures. Æschylus, magniloquent and grandiose, earnest and religious, felt profoundly the seeming war of principles in the moral government of the world. He saw the constraining force of Necessity. He had fought against Persia, his heroes were above the human standard, but even they had to fulfil the doom appointed for them by awful supernatural powers. His successor, Sophocles, with the perfection of his art, excelled, as the dramatist of human character, in delineating the great natural emotions. He believed in the goodness of the gods, and the eternal law of purity identical with their true will. He belonged to the great age of Pericles and Athens, and his personal qualities made him popular. Euripides, with his romance and novelty, struck a lower note; "his homeliness and unrestrained pathos bring him nearer to every-day life;" the ideal beauty of Tragedy was lost in him. A rationalist and sceptic, he was versed in the new studies of rhetoric and logic, which the old school hated. His picturesqueness and tenderness have endeared him to the modern world. Comedy, though springing from the same worship of Dionysus as Tragedy, reached maturity later. Its great representative to us is Aristophanes (448-385 B.C.), who, both as poet and satirist, was in his prime during the Peloponnesian War (431-404 B.C.), the chief light of the old, or political, Comedy (470-390 B.C.) of democratic Athens, when the spirit of satire was unscrupulously personal. "For nearly forty years he was the great burlesque critic of Athenian life—political, intellectual, moral, and social." Before an appreciative audience he lashed an enemy or a policy with unrestricted licence. In the "Knights" he assailed the demagogue Cleon, partly in revenge; in the "Clouds" he attacked the new spirit of inquiry and culture as personified in the Sophists and Socrates as the type of the new movement. Aristophanes, in fact, was a Conservative, clinging like a modern Tory to the good old traditions of Athens, with the conquerors at Marathon (in 490 B.C.) as his national ideals.

In his animosity to demagogues, philosophers, rhetoricians, Aristophanes is charged with having exceeded the bounds of legitimate caricature, with having exaggerated the case against them, and having been unfair to Socrates and Euripides.

The "Clouds" was first produced at the great Dionysia festival in 423 B.C., in the year of the armistice between Athens and Sparta, soon after the loss of Amphipolis and the defeat at Delium. The play took only the third place. The revised edition, which we possess, was brought out, but never acted. The existence of the two editions is held to be proved by internal evidence in the text. Possibly the revision was never quite carried out. The argument of the play is fairly simple. The "Clouds" are the chorus, dressed as women. The principal character, Strepsiades, a peasant, desires by means of rhetorical skill to repudiate his debts. For this purpose, therefore, he consults his neighbour Socrates, at his Thinking-shop or Reflectory, and his two disciples. Failing signally to derive any benefit from his instruction, he deposes his spendthrift son Pheidippides (sparer of horses) for the same object and to be cured of his extravagant habits. Socrates hands the son over to the Two Reasons. The wrangle between the Just and Unjust Reason, won by the latter, is a hit at the Sophists. Socrates announces the complete success of the instruction conveyed by the Unjust Reason to Pheidippides, who beats his father and justifies his conduct. Eventually Strepsiades proceeds to burn down Socrates' abode and Reflectory from the roof. The scenes obviously afford opportunities for the expression of much badinage, and for open attack on the Sophists, including all teachers of physical philosophies and rhetoric, and on Socrates, who in his dialectic methods resembled them, while he waged a lifelong warfare against them.

The name Sophist, a wise man, originally honourable, became a term of reproach—to which Plato lent his influence—through the charges made by the uncompromising Conservatives against their assertion of free discussion, their utilitarianism, and their practice of taking money for instruction. The Sophists have found defenders in Grote and others, who have claimed for them a useful function in the education of the Athenians, not as a sect or school, but as a distinct class or profession with strong individual peculiarities. The alleged unfairness of Aristophanes against Socrates is based on his exhibiting the latter in a picture of pure fancy, not as he was, but as he was not. For Socrates did not teach Astronomy and Natural Philosophy, nor did he teach for money, nor was he the pale student. Socrates felt the sting of the attacks, for in his Apology at his trial in 399 B.C., twenty-four years later, he referred to the inveterate prejudice which the calumnies in the "Clouds" had raised against him. But at this distance of time the charge of unfairness appears itself to be overwrought. Caricature and burlesque cannot be limited to matters of fact; to be successful they must be exaggerated, and aim at the type as well as the individual. To Aristophanes conscientiously the Sophists and Socrates were the enemy who had to be routed. Socrates was the heresiarch who had provoked a large number of enemies, but the capital sentence on him might easily have been commuted to exile if, after conviction, he had not welcomed death.

Dr. Starkie has spared no pains with this edition of the Comedy, which is said to have been the favourite of its author. He has studied the manuscripts and the scholia, and appends various readings. In several chapters questions connected with the play are examined, a metrical analysis is prefixed, the critical notes, commentary and appendix are copious and exhaustive. The prose translation is perhaps the special feature, as it has been the fashion with previous editors of Aristophanes—for instance, Mitchell, Frere, B. B. Rogers and others—to render the Greek poetry into so-called English poetry. Whether blank verse or rhyme be adopted, any metre must hamper the translator in his aim at accuracy. The manner of translating has gone through five various stages since the

days of Dryden. Little remains to be said since Dr. Warren's scholarly essay on "The Art of Translation" in his "Essays of Poets and Poetry." Judged by the canons therein summarised, which are generally accepted nowadays, Dr. Starkie's version is successful, as it satisfies the fundamental condition of producing an impression similar, or as nearly as may be similar, to that produced by the original. It is vigorous, and in the compound words, coined phrases, and strange language seeks to reproduce the Aristophanic style. To our taste Dr. Starkie has somewhat overdone this form of imitation. We have noted a number of expressions—such as semblable, tirrits, knowing file, *in querpo*, in reguerdon, miching, scant the sizes, renege, harlotry wise saws, sowl by the ears, carbonado—some of which are hardly intelligible, and all might be improved by the substitution of simple words. With this exception, the work can be entirely commended. Its scholarship is undeniable, and the volume may well be placed alongside Jebb's monumental edition of Sophocles, Jowett's Plato and Thucydides, the Odyssey rendered by Butcher, Lang, and Leaf, and Munro's Lucretius, all of which have prose translations by real scholars. It is by such high-class works that the study of Greek will be facilitated and maintained, and the value of its literature demonstrated. Though manners have changed, much of the spirit of Aristophanic Comedy still abides in the caricature and burlesque of modern life.

JAPANESE LOVE-LETTERS

Love-Letters of a Japanese. Edited by G. N. MORTLAKE.
(Stanley Paul and Co. 5s. net.)

THE prefatory remarks in "An Englishwoman's Love-letters" and those in the volume now before us bear a very similar heading. Mr. Laurence Housman in his "Explanation," and Mr. Mortlake in his "In Explanation," set out to assure the guileless reader that he has been presented with genuine love-letters. Mr. Housman managed the business so well, and so effectually muffled his laughter that it was a long time before the considerably agitated public awoke to the fact that Mr. Housman's "Explanation" was no explanation at all, and that the clever letters were the result of his own subtle work. We do not definitely assert that Mr. Mortlake has followed suit in the present volume, but we have reasons for believing that these letters were never carried many miles over the sea, delivered by postmen, or faithfully packed away in double-locked boxes. Mr. Mortlake assures us, like the conjuror, that there is no deception, and that both Mertyl Meredith and Kenrio Watanabe, after having left behind them a dramatic and pathetic love-story, departed this life. This is probably true, but we doubt very much if they ever lived, except in the author's vivid imagination. Whether these letters are genuine or not, the fact remains that they are vastly entertaining, and sufficiently intimate to tickle the palate of the reader who can swallow an enormous amount of sentimentality without being positively ill. If the present volume were reduced to pulp, we should expect to find a considerable amount of something akin to sugar. Lovers, fictitious or otherwise, seem to use the word "sweet" more frequently than any other. "Sweet" appears in this volume so persistently that the worthy printer must have been sorely tried to find the necessary letters!

There is a story running through these wild and often indiscreet effusions. Kenrio Watanabe, a Japanese artist, while studying in Vienna meets a young English girl by the name of Mertyl Meredith, who follows a similar vocation, and reminds us not a little of one of Mr. H. G. Wells' heroines. A friendship springs up between them. Watanabe

is a married man, but just as his friendship for Mertyl overlaps the bounds of platonic affection he learns that his Japanese wife has been unfaithful to him, and that she herself pleads for a divorce—a most unusual proceeding under the circumstances recorded in these letters. This places Watanabe on a totally different footing. He sees himself, rather prematurely, as an unmarried man. He drops writing about the higher Buddhism and the teaching of Confucius in his letters to Mertyl, and becomes instead decidedly neurotic, a fit subject for the investigation of Mr. Havelock Ellis. Mertyl, too, refrains from quoting Emerson, and becomes almost equally neurotic. She writes:—"Sweet, I kiss my arms, and try to think they are holding yours." Mr. Wells' Ann Veronica on one occasion stroked the hair on her arms; but she did not go so far as to kiss them. Again Mertyl writes:—"Sweet, I long so for the physical touch of your hands on mine, and to look into your eyes. To be kissed. I sometimes long so much that I take a girdle and bind it tightly, so tightly that I can hardly breathe, round my waist, and then close my eyes a little and dream that it is your arms around me." We should have thought that this process was extremely painful. After all Watanabe was an artist and not a wrestler.

If we have failed to take seriously such quotations as the above, we have done so with no cynical or unkindly feeling. The love-letters of the Brownings and those of Abélard and Héloïse are not famous on account of their sentimentality, but because of their deep human sentiment. Abélard wrote in one of his letters, "Love is capable of being concealed; a word, a look—nay, silence—speaks it." There is none of this feeling in the present volume. Passionate love is set dancing before us, and such a love dances in flame, and is quickly destroyed. These letters breathe no inward peace, suggest no strong grip upon life. They reveal red-hot experiments with the senses, and there is no hint of a love as eternal as the soul itself.

The lovers remain in London for some time. Then Watanabe returns to Japan in order to carry on his work and for the purpose of arranging the much-discussed divorce. Mr. Mortlake promises us in his opening remarks an intimate revelation of the Japanese character, as well as an intimate sketch of divorce proceedings in that country. We get neither, for Watanabe is far from being typically Japanese, and as for the divorce proceedings, we have failed to gather any fresh information on the subject.

Watanabe, none too proficient in his use of English, writes from his home in Tokyo:—"I must say that I was once married and have a child, although the marriage was an error and the child a misprint, having been never accompanied with love." This father of a misprint seems to have been more angry with his wife's stupidity and the fact that she spent too much money during his absence than with her misconduct in another direction. However, divorce is an easy matter in Japan, and Watanabe had no difficulty in concluding the affair to his entire satisfaction. Although Watanabe, according to his own elastic conscience, is a free man—free to marry the girl he had met in Vienna—he displays at this juncture no eagerness to meet Mertyl. His zest for his work seems to lessen gradually the once intense ardour of his letters. He climbs back to higher Buddhism again, and seems in no hurry for Mertyl to join him and to arrange for another marriage.

Mertyl reaches Tokyo and meets the wayward Watanabe. She realises at once that his love for her is dead, that he has taken all that is best in her, and then at the end thrown cruel, dull argument in her face. She returns the gifts he had given her with the following words:—"Each single one of these things is more precious than all that other people have given me. Each bears my kisses through the years I had it, and each has become a part of myself."

About a week later Watanabe has the audacity to write the following:—

Dear Miss Meredith—I hope you will have happy time in future, and marry some nice Englishman. You must not think what you said the other day that I made experiment with you, or that my words were not truth to you all the time in Europe, and in my letters. . . . I think I told you in earlier times that love is thought immoral with us. And now I know that it is really so. . . . I hope it is not true what you say, that you cannot love any second time, and that your life is finished.

In spite of the sentimentality in these letters, they contain considerable charm. They reflect the ardent love of a young English girl on the one hand, and on the other the cumbersome and objectionable posturing of a Japanese man. They are sufficiently true to life to awaken our sympathy for Mertyl Meredith and our anger towards Kenrio Watanabe. We sincerely hope that these letters are fictitious. If they are genuine, Mertyl deserves our pity, while Kenrio Watanabe would be let off far too lightly with a severe horsewhipping. Love in Japan is certainly not regarded as immoral. It is only immoral when such a weak, shifty type as that of Watanabe drags down the greatest thing in the world and smothers it in the gross mire of selfishness. For ourselves we prefer Japan's own way of love-making, untouched by European influence; her true love stories that are never boomed in preliminary advertisements, and never appear in print.

MONTAIGNE

Michel de Montaigne. By EDITH SICHEL. (Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

L'Influence de Montaigne sur les Idées pédagogiques de Locke et de Rousseau. By PIERRE VILLEY, Maître de Conférences à l'Université de Caen. (Hachette and Co.)

A CERTAIN critic aroused the fierce indignation of Sainte-Beuve by dubbing himself a "Montaignologue." The offence was double; it was a pedantry—"savouring of scholastic cackle," says Sainte-Beuve—savouring too of modern vulgarity and specialisation, we are disposed to add; and it was a denial of one of the foremost articles in the Essayist's code. Montaigne has expressed himself strongly on the futility of "glosses" and "books on books," and we may fancy that, if he ever foresaw the "Montaignologues," he had the same lugubrious shiver as Horace when he contemplated the day when he should become a school-classic. Literary criticism is a parasitical development at best, and unless controlled and checked may some day choke the tree of literature. A good book of criticism has, however, a real function to perform. We do not refer to the "placing" of a work, for it is in this direction that criticism most clearly shows its tendency to become an abuse of the human intelligence. The undoubted service that a good biography or appreciation, such as Miss Sichel's, does to the reader is that it reminds him of neglected shelves in his library, kindles his desire to re-explore them, and suggests new ways of profiting by his enterprise.

We have said that Miss Sichel's book is a good one; we will venture further and say that it is a model for biographies of this kind. For one thing, it is distinguished by knowledge and sympathy, of such a quality as to command our attention, and to forbid the suspicion that is apt to haunt us in the case of a good many biographies, that the choice of the subject was a matter of comparative indifference to the writer. Further, and this is a very

important point, Miss Sichel takes every opportunity of letting her hero speak, of making the biography as far as possible an autobiography. It is true that Montaigne lends himself rather readily to this treatment; his writings are far more depositories of raw material than finished works of art; his style is a series of packing-cases. On the other hand, his wares are so priceless that the task of putting them into a right setting demands a clear judgment and a large measure of self-restraint. But the biographer has done her work well—she has given a complete, concise, and connected account of Montaigne and an insight into some of his opinions.

Miss Sichel's book is divided, somewhat arbitrarily, as we began by thinking, into two parts—Montaigne the Man and Montaigne the Philosopher. The first part is the fuller, the second is the more brilliant; some pages show genuine intuition. This distinction is, however, a real one, though it becomes at times rather obscured. Montaigne was in theory the most uncompromising of individualists, aiming, like M. Bergeret after him, at Atarascia, at the dulling of all the sensitive places in his moral anatomy. "My one aim is to turn myself into a cow and a don't care." In practice he let the troubles of others upset his own peace of mind; he became Mayor of Bordeaux, and performed his duties with conscientious ability. But he always had a line marked beyond which the demands of his fellow-men were not to advance. Symbolically it was his private tower at home; politically the limit was reached when the plague broke out at Bordeaux; Montaigne retired at once and without any shame from his dangerous post of honour. Sometimes the man is more selfish than the philosopher. Recognised as the true founder of modern education, he neglected most of his children, and was even unable to reply to a question as to their number. He was a spiritual anarchist, going his own way, and refusing to be in any one's debt. "He might lend himself to the public, but give himself he would not, and could not." And there is nothing inconsistent in his deference for authorities—political and ecclesiastical; most anarchists or individualists have it in some measure. Flaubert has illustrated it in a well-known scene at the end of the "Éducation Sentimentale." He believes in pleasure, however obtained, so long as it does not cost him too much; he believes in the Lucretian happiness from the contemplation of other people's misfortunes. Most characteristically he used to give a positive value to the negative pleasure of sleep by having himself roused in the middle of the night. Miss Sichel is most thorough on Montaigne the man; Etienne de la Boétie and Marie de Gournay receive a very large share of attention, the former as being indispensable to an understanding of Montaigne (being, indeed, the peg on which he hung all his higher aspirations), the latter as the first "Montaignologue."

M. Villey is a great authority on various aspects of Montaigne. We understand that he has volumes in preparation on the influence of his author in France and in England. We approached the present work with some misgivings. Pedagogy is a grim word to put over the portals of a house in the city of knowledge; the history of ideas has generally been considered less alluring in these islands than on the other side of the Channel. M. Villey has reassured us on both counts; he displays a rare modesty in refusing to draw all sorts of conclusions from his data; he criticises the verbal and obviously superficial parallels that had been drawn before his time between Rousseau and Montaigne, and that had been too readily accepted. He is almost as ready as the essayist to say "Je ne sais." He gives what we think must often be the true explanation of mental filiation; the reading of a predecessor's book may bring suggestions to a thinker for developing his own ideas, and

many a reminiscence is unconscious. M. Villey admits a very close relationship between Montaigne and the earlier works of Rousseau, but there are moments when it is startling to think there is anything in common between the practical, experimental wisdom of the former and the vacuum sociology of the latter. Rousseau would allow a child to drink when hot, because some animals do so without taking harm. On the other hand we should like to end by a quotation from Rousseau, because, though Montaigne first enunciated the principle, it was the former who put it into *forme lapidaire*, and it is the truest thing ever said about "Pedagogy":—"Mon objet n'est pas de lui (the child) donner la science, mais de lui apprendre à l'acquiescer au besoin."

WITH SWORD AND PEN

The Letters and Journal (1848-49) of Count Charles Leiningen-Westerburg. Edited, with an Introduction, by HENRY MARCZALI. Illustrated. (Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

"THE pen is mightier than the sword" is a saying we can regard with approbation after reading this fascinating book, for it shows that Count Leiningen's pen shone at least as brightly as did his valiant sword. Those who know the indomitable courage of the man will realise how much that means. If Professor Marczali's principal object in editing the Letters and Journal of Count Leiningen is to establish the remarkable literary ability of his hero, his labour of love will surely not be in vain. Every page is charged with a forceful, lovable personality. His style is lucid and fresh in the extreme. If he sums up his military companions in terms of soldiery, he does so on a broad human basis. He gives us clear-cut portraits as well as a sympathetic insight into the character behind the facial lines. His God, the cause he so strenuously fought for, and his wife and children all seem lifted to the same high plane of thought. If he was big and burly on the battlefield, a great disciplinarian and the enemy of all meanness and cowardliness in the ranks, in all his communications to his wife there was a gentleness and simplicity of expression peculiarly his own. His Letters, Journal, and Notes were all written, with one or two exceptions, to his beloved wife Lizzie. Under the circumstances it is natural to find that he figured largely in his vivid account of the Hungarian War of Independence. He was not above recording his own deeds of bravery and the recognition he received for his services. He does so, however, not in the dull way of an egoist, but with such *naïveté* that these personal touches are particularly pleasing.

We need not go into detail as to why Leiningen decided to support Hungary in her War of Independence. Professor Marczali writes:—

His sense of justice, the innate chivalry that impelled him to defend the victim of an unjust attack, drew him towards Hungary at a time when his brothers and his cousins continued to fight for the Emperor.

The fact that a Leiningen, hitherto on the side of the Court party, should espouse Hungary's fight for liberty was an action that was first looked upon with considerable suspicion by the Hungarians themselves. It was only Leiningen's conspicuous bravery that utterly dispelled the hostile attitude originally adopted towards him. Even when he knew he would have to fight against the Imperial troops, he wrote: "I cannot desert a cause when it is in danger." He thought he saw liberty for Hungary, and in that thought he steadfastly set his face against any sort of compromise. It was

this manful determination that awakened the admiration and friendship of Görgey. He wrote in one of his letters:—

Some people have a very convenient plan: they hoist German, Austrian, and Imperial flags all together. As required they can easily remove the superfluous ones and join in the triumph of the victorious idea.

Leiningen was too great a soldier to study his own convenience. He eagerly looked forward to receiving his wife's letters, and still more so to living the old happy life with her again. Such thoughts, however, were subordinate to his stern regard for duty, and though we may regret that so human a man was destined never to meet his wife again, it tends to make his sacrifice all the more noble, tends to raise him not only to a high place in the memory of Hungarians, but has given him a sure position among the great men and the great soldiers of the world.

Perhaps the most notable passages in the Journal refer to Leiningen's ardent description of Görgey. It was a worthy tribute to a remarkable man, and destined to be a strong defence of one who was regarded by some as a traitor to his country. To Leiningen Görgey ever remained a hero, a man who delighted to "to bathe in the hail of bullets." Leiningen wrote:—

However listless I may have been before, my military life had aroused all the good latent in me, and, had you (Lizzie) been able to see me then, you would not have known me for the same stout Charles who was all day buried in his books.

That latent good in Leiningen was fanned into a bright blaze by Görgey's influence.

There is something unspeakably sad in Leiningen's letters written in prison. He had stood for a cause that did not culminate in victory. He was compelled to write to his wife knowing that every word would be read by others. He realised then that his days were numbered, and that at any moment he might receive his death sentence. Even in such a crisis as this he thought not of his own troubles but of those of his wife. He wrote:—

Your fate is more cruel than mine; for years you will have to suppress the sorrow gnawing at your heart. Yet be assured that even from the other world I shall think of you with gratitude for having lived to comfort my children.

Those weary days in prison seem to have added the finishing touch to the greatness of the man. He had put his house in order, and, without cant or humbug, had prepared to meet his God. What strength, what fortitude we find in his words: "The nearer we approach to the grave, the smoother and easier does our downward path become"! His last ringing words to Lizzie were:—

God bless and protect you, my darling, noble wife, and give you strength, and to me may He grant a share in His eternal peace! Darling, beloved Lizzie! my children! farewell! Before long I shall have passed away. Once more my thanks for your faithful love and for all you have done for me! Oh, God! I can stand it no longer, it is too much for me! Good-bye, my life, my all!

The next day the brave soldier and good man died a martyr for the cause he had taken so devoutly to his heart. We are told that "He bore himself with noble dignity when the sentence of death was read to him. . . . He died the most dignified, the finest death of them all." Leiningen wrote in one of his Journal notes:—

October 1 (Monday). How great the effect of a single moment! For years! A moment—virtue, crime, glory, shame, sorrow, delight, all depends upon moments. Death, too, is but a moment, yet it leads to eternity!

Leiningen knew the value of moments. After the toil of the battlefield, when most men would have taken their ease, he only laid aside the sword to take forth his pen, to drive it across the paper with the same zest and inspiration he displayed in the stress of battle. The result is a human record of a great soldier expressed in terse and haunting prose.

AN AMUSING EGOIST

The Herkomers. By SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER. Vol. II. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

IN the first volume of this autobiography (see Supplement to THE ACADEMY, Dec. 10th, 1910) we described the author's writing as "thin." In the volume now before us the style is still lacking in robustness. Sir Hubert von Herkomer in his Introduction writes:—"There is necessarily a note of egotism in the pages that follow which has been called 'un-English.' But 'it is idle to criticise the egotism of autobiographies, however pervading and intense,' and I have given my reader fair warning." The very nature of an autobiography is in itself a plea for egotism; but the egotism we find in these pages is at times laid on so heavily that it strikes a farcical note. "Do it" may well have been Sir Hubert's motto; but he did everything with such a fanfare of trumpets and with an air of the showman that, if we took him quite seriously, it would give us cause to regret that Carlyle had not added Sir Hubert von Herkomer to his portrait-gallery in "Heroes and Hero-Worship." That D. G. Rossetti was a poet as well as an artist—or shall we write an artist as well as a poet?—pales into insignificance when compared with this German's versatile accomplishments. Sir Hubert, besides being an artist, was a musical composer, architect, playwright, and lecturer, and in telling us about these attainments we can only marvel that there is such a thing as competition in these particular vocations. It is a pity that this all-round man has not given his reader credit for a little imagination and a sense of humour. Our impression of Sir Hubert is that he was an indefatigable worker, but a still more indefatigable talker. Somehow or other we are compelled to associate his residence, "Lululaund," with that of Mr. Hall Caine's "Greeba Castle," for both suggest a subtle combination of home and advertisement.

Brilliant ideas were an everyday occurrence with Sir Hubert. Suddenly remembering his musical and literary ability, he resolved to write a music-play, to be called "An Idyl." He was advised to write his tunes, and "get some musician to score them for the instruments." Our author writes:—

Pride, belief in self, would have none of it. Did I not, as stated in the first volume, spend my pocket-money of half-a-crown a week at the Crystal Palace "Saturday Pops" in the summer of 1866-7, and soak myself with the orchestral colouring given by the various masters to their music? Had I not followed in one piece the wood-wind alone, in another the brass, and in yet another the strings? I saw how it was done; of course I did! Therefore, why not do it myself with my own tunes?

And so it came about that this clever patron of Saturday Pop's rushed off to a music-shop and purchased Lafleur's "Atlas of Instrumentation."

Then [writes the budding composer] I went ahead, for my tunes and incidental music were already written. For balance of the instruments, for grouping, I trusted to instinct, and to the suggestions I could find in the scores I had. Anyway I *did* the thing!"

In Sir Hubert's particularly naïve way he goes on to

describe the discussion he and his family had as to who should conduct the orchestra. Eventually the composer's little daughter exclaimed, "Why don't you have Dr. Richter?" To this her parent replied, "Good heavens, child! do you know what you are talking about?" But it appeared that the child did know, for Dr. Hans Richter conducted the thirteen performances of "An Idyl" given in a theatre erected in the artist's garden. Sir Hubert writes:—"Modesty is not exactly one of my failings, but I would hesitate to write down here what Dr. Richter prophesied if I were to study music—even for six months." We should likewise hesitate if Sir Hubert were to describe his performances afterwards!

Sir Hubert is a warm admirer of the motor-car. He writes:—"I leave the house of my friend at any hour suitable, curl myself up in the comfortable covered car, and sleep until awakened by the chauffeur's loud voice announcing, 'Lululaund, Sir, all safe!'" The artist's chauffeur is evidently not an egoist, for he frankly admits the fallibility of his driving, even to the possibility of an accident.

When Sir Hubert's picture, "All Beautiful in Naked Purity," was exhibited in the Academy, he tells us that it "kept the room in which it was placed practically clear of visitors; and as for the settee in front of it, nobody dared to sit there facing the objectionable work." This affords the artists a peg on which to hang a few remarks in regard to art and puritanism. He comes to the conclusion that "the noblest forms of art have represented the human figure; and flesh-painting represents the highest achievement of the painter."

Most of us associate Sir Hubert von Herkomer with his great picture "The Council of the Royal Academy, 1907." The most imposing figure in the group is that of Sir Hubert himself, and we must frankly admit that we prefer this pleasing and dignified portrait to the one he has given us in his autobiography.

THE SMALLEST WELSH COUNTY

Flintshire: Its History and Its Records. Being an Address to the Society given in the County Council Chamber, Mold, January 13th, 1911, by T. F. TOUT, M.A., Professor of Mediæval and Modern History in the University of Manchester. (Flintshire Historical Society. 5s.)

FLINTSHIRE is almost the smallest of the counties of the United Kingdom, and it may also with justice be included among the least known. Most of the other shires have histories of far more general interest, and the cultured student of his country's past would probably place Flintshire almost last in the list of counties to whose annals he proposed to devote attention. That which is least important to an Englishman may, however, be first in importance to a man of Flint. In any event, to many of the leading inhabitants of this tiny county the history of Flintshire is of sufficient consequence to justify the establishment of a society for its study. Thus the Flintshire Historical Society came into existence, and all lovers of the past in Flintshire and elsewhere should receive it with welcome, for out of the local history of even relatively unimportant districts is made up a good part of the greater history of the country.

Flintshire, although small and almost the youngest of the counties, is still not without a history of its own, full of justifiable interest to a wide circle. The Welsh marches, their chequered story and romantic surroundings are intimately connected with the tiny North Wales shire; so are the better known and more attractive incidents which successively narrate the past of her more important neighbour

Chester. If only for her connection with these two subsidiaries of English history Flint should be interesting. On the other hand the shire was for long an integral portion of Wales, and as such took a share in the vicissitudes of that Principality. Professor Tout, than whom none could have been better chosen to inaugurate the session of the Society, very properly devoted himself in this address to a general survey of Flintshire history. For others, the members of the Society themselves, is the task to pore over the records of the county and to unravel the problems which await solution. Professor Tout's office was to give general directions to the workers in the field and to introduce them to the task which is before them. The name of Professor Tout is sufficient guarantee that this office has been performed not only thoroughly, but also agreeably.

The county of Flint is a very modern one. At the most it stretches back to the reign of Edward I., but the union which that monarch formed for local government in that district fell far short of the limits of the county as now defined. Properly speaking, Flintshire may be said to have come into existence in the reign of Henry VIII. For instance, it was not until the latter reign that Mold, the county town, became part of the county. Incidentally we learn the reason for the disjointed nature of Flintshire. Marford and Hoseley are quite apart from the main portion, being surrounded by Denbigh territory. Until 1542 they had formed a portion of the latter county, but when in that year the county boundaries were rearranged these two districts were joined to the smaller county, so that all the Welsh lands of Lord Derby might for convenience be in one shire. Very properly Professor Tout does not penetrate deeply into any of the subjects on which he touches in this address. Incidentally, however, he makes an interesting suggestion regarding the origin of the "Clwydian" churches of West Flintshire, which has hitherto given rise to much speculation. Their architectural form—two parallel naves of equal dimensions—is peculiar to that district, but Professor Tout has discovered similar edifices among the Dominican churches of Languedoc. He reminds his readers that after the conquest by Edward I. practically all the buildings of the conquered territory, having been razed, had to be re-erected. At that very period a Dominican was Bishop of St. Asaph, and the influence of that school of friars was supreme in the diocese. It is even known that Dominican officials were employed in inquiring into the damage done to the churches during the wars. With these premisses it is easy to conclude that the mysterious form of the Flintshire churches is directly due to Dominican architects.

THE ROYAL IRISH REGIMENT

The Campaigns and History of the Royal Irish Regiment from 1684 to 1902. By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL G. LE M. GRETTON. With Illustrations, Maps, and Plans of Battlefields. (W. Blackwood and Sons. 6s. net.)

A MILITARY work by Colonel Gretton, an officer specially chosen by that great military author and historian the late Colonel Henderson to assist him when writing the history of the 1899-1902 war in South Africa should be well worth reading. This book most certainly is so; moreover, whilst some regimental histories we are acquainted with, however accurate or the reverse they may be, are heavy work to get through, this volume we have read from cover to cover with pleasure. It is almost a military history of the British Army since the Revolution, so many are the campaigns in

which the regiment has taken part. Very interesting is the account of the campaign in Ireland after the Battle of the Boyne, and especially the description from the diary of a Royal Irish officer serving there of the capture of Athlone.

There appear a few slight errors in the volume—e.g., the total of the casualties at the Battle of Blenheim on page 39 is not correct; again, it seems curious that the bounty paid to the major of the regiment at that battle should be nearly double the amount given to the lieutenant-colonel who was in command during the action.

The maps are clear, with no unnecessary detail, and by their aid the general course of the engagements described can be easily followed. To those who know the ground now the map of Aboukir and Alexandria in 1801, with the vanished lake of Aboukir as it then existed, will be of interest apart from the battle.

The want of "pull together" between Navy and Army in Lord Howe's operations at Toulon and afterwards is a great contrast to Abercrombie's operations in 1801, both of which are most excellently described, the regiment having been present. The splendid combination of Army and Navy in the successful landing at Aboukir in face of a formidable enemy awaiting them on the beach shows what can be done when both arms work together. It is a pity that we do not practise more of such operations nowadays, for if the way to learn is by making mistakes, the combined East Coast manoeuvres of some years ago were indeed instructive.

There are some quite good stories told in the book, one of which, referring to the New Zealand campaign, in which the regiment was engaged, we take the liberty of quoting:—

In a skirmish the son of a chief was made prisoner, badly wounded in the leg. To save his life the surgeons amputated the limb, and when the young man was fit to be moved a message was sent to his father that he might take the lad back to his village. The chief was very grateful for the kindness his son had received at our hands; he presented the general with a cartload of potatoes, and assured him that in future he would not kill any wounded soldiers that fell into his hands, but would only cut off one of their legs, and send them back to camp.

Our space being limited, we cannot deal with all the points we should like to regarding the book; we would, however, call attention to a letter of the late General Gordon concerning the regiment, in which he dwells on the difference between Irish regiments and others, and the necessity of treating them differently. There is no doubt that, generally speaking, Irish officers are best for dealing with Irishmen in the ranks, whilst if the writer of this review regards the English country lad as a better soldier it may perhaps be his national prejudice.

On the whole, a most creditable career has been the lot of this fine old regiment. It seems to have emerged even from that grave of great reputations the late South African War with a vast amount of good work to its credit and a minimum of regrettable incidents. There is a very full and fair account of the events in the Tirah campaign which led to General Sir H. Havelock-Allen's going to the frontier where he met his tragic death in the Khyber Pass.

AN IMPERIAL VOLUPTUARY

The Amazing Emperor: Heliogabalus. By J. STUART HAY.
(Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

THIS curious book is an attempt to whitewash the blackened character of the foolish Sybarite boy Emperor—to what

purpose it is not easy to see, either ethical or historical. Even on Mr. Hay's own showing the whitewash is singularly thin. Gibbon admits the probable exaggerations of fancy or prejudice, yet he adds that "confining ourselves to the public scenes displayed before the Roman people, and attested by grave and contemporary historians, their inexpressible infamy surpasses that of any other age or country."

This sober and judicial verdict has not been upset by Mr. Hay. It is impossible to take seriously his hyper-sensitive-ness about the supposed "lack of justice that the memory of Elagabalus has long suffered." We admit that the charge of cruelty may be "not proven." There still remain the sensual infamies of the "fearless, generous, affectionate boy," as Mr. Hay enthusiastically describes him. But his generosity was culpably prodigal, while his affections were criminally abnormal. That history from time to time produces such characters may be well known. But their indecent actions are best relegated to decent obscurity. Nor can we feel that the sort of character from which Nature revolts really gains anything substantial by way of excuse when the individual is ticketed a Psycho-Sexual Hermaphrodite.

The medical psychologist may diagnose sexual diseases, as Dr. Krafft Ebing has done so minutely, but the horrible perversions he recounts are none the less revolting; while the object of a doctor is to teach degenerates their real responsibility. There were sane Romans who believed in the *mens sana in corpore sano*, and they were aghast at the crimes of Heliogabalus. We are forced to the conclusion that one object of this book is the glorification of pagan apolaustic luxury and sensuality in contradistinction to Christian ideals of a higher life of self-sacrificing progress. Mr. Stuart Hay is frankly pagan. With equal frankness he evidently detests Christianity. We have made a long list of his sneers and jibes at that "neurotic superstition," the Christian religion, conceived and enunciated in the worst possible taste, aided by a perverse prostitution of Christian quite phraseology. This sort of satire is cheap indeed, and unworthy of a serious historian. Nor can the descent to mere vulgar indecencies be excused by telling us in the Preface that "Mrs. Grundy's prurient mind . . . may expect to be shocked." But there is also a pruriency in writing of and revelling in things over which custom (leaving Mrs. Grundy out) rightly draws a veil.

We confess to some surprise that a philosophic historian like Professor Bury should think it worth his while, in his Introduction, to belittle Christianity by saying, in effect, that it would have made no difference to the world to-day or since if "one of those homogeneous Oriental faiths which are now dead" had triumphed and if Christianity had disappeared—"by the dispensation of Providence," as he cynically puts it. The story of the culmination of phallic worship, as told by Mr. Hay, makes it difficult to understand how any true philosopher or impartial writer could regard the cults of Baal, of Mithra, or of Isis as likely to be of equal benefit to the highest progress of mankind with the spiritual ethics of Christianity. Mr. Hay's writing of the English language leaves a good deal to be desired. He is often in difficulties at the beginning of a new paragraph, and has constant recourse to that lamest of openings—"To return to," "To proceed." His style is undignified, as, for example, "He went one worse," "Just a bit awkward," and the use of the wretched Americanism "at that." There are ungrammatical lapses—e.g., "even like the term was applied." But lack of dignity in thought is hardly likely to find compensation in dignity of style.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Napoleon and his Coronation. By FRÉDÉRIC MASSON. Translated by FREDERIC COBB. Illustrated by Félicien Myrbach. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the greatest proofs of Napoleon's astonishing power lies in the fact that he was able to get himself acclaimed as Emperor by the very people who but a few years previously had slaughtered their own aristocracy, and held all matters of kingship a criminal abomination. The reasons that induced the great ruler of France to take this step are made clear in a masterly fashion by M. Frédéric Masson, as are also those that caused him to demand the assistance of no less a personage than the Pope himself at the ceremony. In the author's own words:—

He was strongly confident that a religious consecration would lend a weightier dignity to a Sovereign invested by the popular choice . . . He considered that only by this, by the Consecration and Coronation, he could become a true Sovereign . . . Henceforth he was endued with an indelible character, such as all the other Sovereigns were bound to respect.

The negotiations that preceded the Consecration were prolonged and not a little complicated. In view of the recent events in France, Pius VII. was not a little amazed at the request that he should come to Paris to endow the creation of the new Emperor with the seal of religion. The reigning Houses and the aristocracies of Europe were bitterly opposed to the plan, as, indeed, were many members of the Vatican itself. But Napoleon was in earnest. He was convinced that the element of religion must enter into the Imperial life in order to give a permanent stamp to the dynasty. To this end he was prepared with important concessions to the Church, and with the offer of a reversal of the policy that had driven the priesthood from France.

In the end the hesitation of the simple-minded Pope was overcome. He travelled from Rome with as much dignity as Napoleon's insistence would permit, for the Emperor, growing impatient, used every means to hasten the stately religious progress to Paris. As to the great ceremony itself, fears had been entertained in the capital lest an exuberance of taste on the part of Napoleon should bring ridicule on costume and general paraphernalia; but when the moment came the natural dignity of the new Emperor triumphed.

M. Masson's book is an extremely able one. He has provided a wealth of detail, and has yet retained unbroken the thread of an absorbingly interesting story—a notable achievement in itself. The negotiations with the Vatican throw a light upon Napoleonic policy that cannot fail to be extremely instructive to the many students of the life and times of the great Corsican.

Shepherds of Britain. By ADELAIDE L. J. GOSSET. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

MOST available sources of information have been ransacked in the compilation of this comprehensive work, seeing that there are some 160 contributions, chiefly by different authors, some being living writers, while there are excerpts from many others and from newspapers and magazines, even so far back as the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1797. The result is a very interesting book on all kinds of subjects connected with sheep, sheep-farming, and shepherd-life in the pastoral districts of Great Britain and Ireland. Sheep-dogs naturally claim a good deal of attention, and there are many stories of their wonderful sagacity. The competitions

known as sheep-dog trials, first started in 1873, have become deservedly popular and widespread. Among the numerous subjects treated may be mentioned Sheep Marks and Tallies, the Wool Harvest, the Care of Wool and the Labours of the Loom, Shepherds' Garb (alas! for the passing of the picturesque and sensible smock-frock), Shepherds' Arts, Implements and Crafts, and Pastimes, with an interesting section on Pastoral Folk Lore, where an account is given of a curious burial custom. A lock of wool was put into a shepherd's coffin to show at the Judgment Day that his vocation prevented him from attending church. All the same, we knew a fine old Wiltshire shepherd who died this year, aged seventy-six, who all his life seldom missed Sunday morning service, except during the lambing season. On the South Downs, before the days of cheap watches, shepherds used to make for themselves rough sundials on the turf by drawing a circle and fixing a number of sticks upright on the circumference, then having several gnomons, one for each hour after noon, in order to know at what hour to take the sheep home to fold. We lately heard of similar dials, but rudely made of wood, which were constructed, within living memory, by the wood-cutters on the Berkeley and neighbouring estates in the Severn Valley. Practically every sheep district in Great Britain is noticed; from the "Lookers" of Romney Marsh and the sheep of the "Towens" and Scilly to the Lake Country, and on through the Highlands to the wild sheep of the Shetland and Orkney Isles. We commend this delightful book to all true lovers of country life, who cannot fail to be pleased both with its versatile text and with the numerous good and very descriptive illustrations.

A Manual of English Pronunciation and Grammar for the Use of Dutch Students. By J. H. A. GÜNTHER. (J. B. Wolters, Groningen. 4s. 6d.)

MR. GÜNTHER'S book is intended for candidates preparing for an examination in English. It is arranged in two parts, the first dealing with English pronunciation, the second with English grammar. In the words of the author: "As it has been my object to formulate the current habits of speech, to write a grammar of the language as written and spoken to-day, I have for the bulk of the examples drawn upon writers of present-day English." The list of these writers of present-day English is too lengthy to be reproduced here; let it suffice to say that it is a quite unusually comprehensive and well-considered one.

Mr. Günther's work is, indeed, admirable, not only in its lucidity and thoroughness, but in the wide scope it offers. The comparisons in style of the modern authors are notably excellent. Indeed, in this respect the book might be perused with equal advantage by the English student as well as by the Dutch. Mr. Günther refuses to lay much stress on the prohibition of the split infinitive. Here, we must admit, we are not at one with him. In his list of well-known writers addicted to the habit he quotes from Hardy; but in this case he has culled merely from dialogue. Therefore surely the force of the example fails! Yet even here the author's liberality is strongly to be commended, since he makes a practice of submitting every view and of refusing to dogmatise. The result has given us one of the most enlightened of modern grammars.

The Mansion House of the City of London. Compiled by CARL HENTSCHEL. Illustrated. (Carl Hentschel, Ltd. 6d.)

MR. CARL HENTSCHEL, Chairman of the General Purposes Committee of the Corporation, has gathered together in this

well printed and illustrated booklet some interesting information concerning the Lord Mayor's official residence and other matters pertaining to the government of our ancient metropolis. In addition he gives us a glimpse at the occupants of the Mansion House and a short account of its principal treasures. Besides exterior and interior views of the famous building at different periods of its existence, there are to be found among the illustrations portraits of the present Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and of several previous Lord Mayors, together with representations of the Seals of the Mayoralty, the old State Barge, some of the older pieces of the Mansion House plate, and the famous State Coach which so many thousands are all agog to see every 9th of November.

FICTION

LOGOMACHIES

The Battle of Souls. By HUGH NAYBARD. (J. and J. Gray and Co., Edinburgh.)

BOOKS on an imaginary invasion of England by Germany or other Continental Power are somewhat played out and tend to become rather a bore. The same may be said of books which deal with an imaginary reappearance of Christ upon earth, for the purpose of reforming Christianity, whether in London or Chicago. In this extravagant romance both these worn-out themes are combined. The wearisome result is therefore exactly what we may expect. Hence it is particularly amusing to be told in the publisher's preliminary review (which is as laudatory as the epitaph on a provincial mayor's tombstone) that "this book will cause a surprise to all thoughtful men and women, as something completely new in fiction." That it will find readers goes without saying. That it will "make a profound impression on the reading public" might also be predicated, if by the reading public is understood that mass of illiterate folk who enjoy the wildest possible sensation, especially if well spiced with vulgar attack on the human failure inseparable from all religions, together with a fine mixture of mysterious and occult devil-worship. All this and a great deal more may be found in Mr. Naybard's vapid romancings.

An English Prime Minister, Magnus Winter, and an Imperial Chancellor of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Baron von Adelsberg, fall under the horrid spell of a certain Lady Faustine Rosemede, high priestess of the Black Art, who summons the Oriental legions of the devil to work her wicked will. Far down below her London mansion, behind a huge door of iron, is a Celtic temple of Epona more than twenty-five centuries old, with appropriate oratories and altars, candles, and Oriental hangings, Celtic masonry and metal work, *et hoc genus omne*; while "the very deities, whose hideous shapes loomed gaunt through the blue light, were not altogether Oriental." Below this amazing chapel is a convenient dungeon, in whose "cimmerian depths" the high priestess, with the aid of "a file of dark-faced men in Oriental dress," imprisons the Iron Chancellor, and terrifies him into selling his soul (if he had one) and joining the Legions of Lucifer. Magnus Winter had already been overawed into similar evil bondage. Their ghastly initiation is performed by a band of Druids, chanting the songs of the Sons of Sin, marshalled by the Lady Faustine, "mighty Archdruidess, sixtieth in the line from the great Vertobrix." A no less important person than the devil himself seals the fearsome compact with a kiss from "lips hot as a searing-iron." Von Adelsberg shrieks and faints.

He could hardly do less in "the Hell-House of Keridwen." But he emerges to carry out with Winter the devil's own scheme for a war with Germany, and eventually a mere detachment of 50,000 Germans evades the English fleet, and is landed in Essex. But the horrors of war are prevented by a veritable *deus ex machina*. Christ appears in London. His advent is prepared for by an awful recurrence of the Great Plague, and by one Paul Fane, a sort of modern John the Baptist; in reality a country gentleman's son, somewhat a prig, who "grew in greatness of soul and strength of body" at Eton and Oxford—disadvantages unknown to his great prototype. But, as Mr. Naybard informs us, "when God raises up a prophet unto Himself He reckons not of the class from which he springs." So the voice of one crying in Hyde Park denounces "Catholic and Protestant, Anglican and Nonconformist," priests and ministers alike. We miss the robust courage of the real John Baptist, for Paul loses a grand opportunity in not calling them "a generation of vipers"—though they are all "robbers." However, 50,000 people join "the League of Christ and of His prophet Paul Fane," and sign on in twelve handy books ready for the purpose. Their enthusiasm at Paul's fierce denunciations of Christianity and of the Church of Christ is rewarded by the appearance of Christ Himself at Easton Hall, while a private interview is graciously accorded to Paul at his lodgings. At yet another manifestation a Nonconformist minister's "clay-like face grew red with anger" at the blasphemous imposture. But "the Master held out His hands to this doubting Thomas. *They were pierced!* The man staggered back. Christ advanced a naked foot. Likewise was it pierced. With an awful shriek of terror the minister sank upon his knees. 'Christ! He is Christ indeed!' he cried." The next appearance is in Essex, when the German soldiers are told by Him to "depart in peace, for war is no more." And they go aboard British ships to the Fatherland. Universal peace for ever being now secured, general reform proceeds apace. Slums and rookeries are demolished. Winter, von Adelsberg, and the German Commander-in-Chief have already perished by awful stroke of the devil. Priests and ministers are abolished—for "the people had Christ's own word they were unnecessary to the existence of a Church, and that He had never given authority for their appointment." And after such pleasing "renaissance of Christianity" this glowing prophecy closes with a sort of second Ascension of Christ in Hyde Park on a day in late summer before thousands of upturned eyes.

The Devil in Solution. By WILLIAM CAINE. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

WHEN we say that the "Devil in Solution" is cocoa, that the name of the hero of the book is Lord Mark Mucklethrew, a "Decuple Blue," and that the events of the story turn chiefly on his struggles with the cocoa fiend, the reader of this notice will have a suspicion of the sort of book Mr. Caine has given us. It is a skit of a particularly hilarious and exaggerated kind, a skit on athleticism, the society novel, the upper class, Parliament, and a good many other things. Mr. Caine obtains his effects by a ridiculous exaggeration and a complete overthrow of the probabilities. Lord Mark's rooms in Piccadilly are made to resemble an athletic outfitter's shop; his "pot-luck" supper is a twelve-course affair with a printed *menu*, and his valet is a disguised advertising agent, who tricks him into signing a testimonial to Ath-cocoa, and makes him swallow a cup of it. The effect is magical, but disastrous. While under the influence of the

beverage Lord Mark is irresistible, but once the reaction sets in he is as a clod of earth. At the bump supper after his great sculling match from Greenwich to Westminster (an event upon which the eyes of the whole civilised world are turned and the price of Consols intimately depends) he breaks down in his great speech, and has to escape by the back door from the infuriated audience. In the House of Commons Cricket Match, instead of scoring a couple of centuries in each innings and taking twenty-two wickets for half a dozen runs, he acquires a pair of spectacles and a bowling average of 102.39 per member of the opposing team. In the end he is saved by the aid of his friend Tuft, and retains the love of the Lady Cerise Lapham. Mr. Caine's hard-driven farce is wearisome if any quantity is taken at a time, is something like the "By-the-Way" column of the *Globe* indefinitely prolonged. But the author certainly has a zest for his task and infinite resource.

In Highland Harbours with Para Handy. By HUGH FOULIS. (W. Blackwood and Sons. 1s. net.)

THESE short sketches originally appeared in the *Glasgow News*, and are to be considered as occasional journalism of a light and entertaining nature. They treat of the adventures and conversations of the crew of the *Vital Spark*, a small coaster among the Highland ports, a good deal in the manner of Mr. W. W. Jacobs, the characters showing much of the light-heartedness and easy wit which we enjoy in the writings of that genial author. The adventures are slight matters—an affair with a watch-dog, a few anecdotes of a man who came in for a legacy and wished to spend it quickly, a matter of a hair-lotion testimonial, a discussion of a yacht-race, a visit from a canvasser, and so on. The same four characters appear in all the sketches, and the sum total is a pleasant though not very precise or sober idea of life in a small coaster. Para Handy, the captain, Dougie, the mate, Macphail, the cynical engineer with a taste for novelettes, and Sunny Jim, the cook, are all as real and lifelike as characters may be who flit so swiftly before the reader's eyes. The humour, if not of the very highest form (who looks for that now?), is far from mere facetiousness, and the book leaves a pleasant impression behind it.

The Gift of the Gods. By FLORA ANNIE STEEL. (William Heinemann. 2s. net.)

A BOOK by the author of "On the Face of the Waters" is not to be opened without a sense of pleasurable anticipation. The reader need have no fear that this last will fall beneath his expectations. It is true that the work is slight; but the life and personalities of an Argyll island are worked out with a rare delicacy of touch. The gift of the gods was in reality no gift at all; it was a substitution the full joy of which was not to be realised until long after the exchange had been effected. Without unduly betraying the plot, it may be explained that a weak, thriftless, but heroic, husband loses his life in saving a shipwrecked man, who in the end steps into his dead deliverer's shoes. Until almost the very end of the book one is left in doubt as to the real fate of the first husband, who has passed from sight down the cliff in the course of his work of rescue. Had he reappeared the dramatic interest of the story would of course have been intensified, at the cost of art. But nothing of the kind occurs, and the little work fully maintains the traditions of its author.

POETS AND CRITICS

WHEN a short time ago I came across a book by the Poet Laureate, entitled "The Bridling of Pegasus," I confess that the title alarmed me. I do not want the present century to capture the winged horse. I should be sorry to see poor Pegasus munching gilded oats at a banquet of the Poetry Society, nor do I wish to find his photograph among the grinning actresses in the illustrated papers. But an examination of Mr. Austin's book soon reassured me. He has not bridled Pegasus. He has not even succeeded in harnessing Rosinante, but by a natural error he has hung his bridle on to a spotted wooden steed of great age, that served perhaps to amuse some of our less considerable poets in their infancy. Mr. Austin's criticism is as individual as his poetry, and far more stimulating. I do not think that any poet could read "The Bridling of Pegasus" without being roused to passionate anger. It is as though a village schoolmaster had paid a week-end visit to the foot of Parnassus, and had embodied his miscomprehensions of what he had seen in the form of a series of lectures to his apple-cheeked pupils. Here you have the condescension, the assertive ignorance, the occasional smirking humour. Let the little boys write on their slates Mr. Austin's assertion that Byron is the greatest English poet since Milton, and let them add that Mr. Austin is the most irritating critic since Remus. One of these statements is true.

It is too late in the day to review "The Bridling of Pegasus," but it suggests the fitness of some inquiry into the relationship between poets and critics. It is of course as natural for critics to dislike the work of young and adventurous poets as it is for poets to dislike the writings of aged and sophisticated critics, for critics—of all men who work in words—love to support themselves on those mysterious crutches known as canons of art, which any new poet worthy of the name promptly sends flying with a spurt of his winged foot. This is not to say that canons of art (the artillery of the small bore?) may not have a certain value—for critics; but poets, when they fall to criticising their comrades, are usually content to rely on their individual judgments rather than to appeal to any universal theory of greatness in poetry, and, considered dispassionately, it would be easy to support the view that critics select their canons of art to justify the preferences that they formed when their minds were still receptive and unhardened by the inhuman task of criticism. To take a handful of poets at random it seems impossible to lay down any one theory of poetry that will support the undeniable greatness of Herrick, Burns, Blake, Keats, Browning, Swinburne and Meredith, and it may be noted that the Laureate—who writes as a critic and not as a poet—while treating of poetry from the academic standpoint, does not dare this ultimate adventure. He is content to arrange poetry in classes, and assure us that reflective poetry is greater than lyrical, and that epic poetry is the greatest of all.

Even if we are to accept these dogmatic assertions, I can imagine no sane reader of poetry regulating his preferences by doctrine of this kind. To Mr. Austin the comparative popularity of lyrical poetry is a matter for keen regret. To me—so far does personal prejudice count in these matters—it is a healthy sign, since it suggests that those who read poetry to-day do so for pleasure rather than from a sense of duty. But if for no other reason, I would mistrust Mr. Austin's canons on account of the extraordinary conclusions to which they lead him. Probably most foreigners would agree with Mr. Austin that Byron is the greatest English poet since Milton; but poetry is the one possession that a nation cannot share with its fellows, and the countrymen of Keats and Shelley, of Browning and Swinburne, must per-

force keep the enjoyment of their rarer inheritance to themselves.

Nor do his canons help Mr. Austin to fare better on smaller points. Thus when he wrote that "no poet of much account is ever obscure" he had clearly forgotten Browning, Blake, and the Shakespeare of the Sonnets.

The Sonnets are occasionally obscure because in them Shakespeare is expressing very intricate and subtle emotions, quite beyond the range of ordinary lovers. Browning is obscure because his mind was an overcrowded museum in which his thoughts could not turn round without knocking freakish ornaments and exotic images off the shelves. Blake was obscure, as Wordsworth was often inane, through trusting too much to inspiration. Great poetry is not obscure; but the ranks of the great poets supply exceptions to all generalisations.

Again, Mr. Austin finds it strange that two such great poets as Dante and Milton should suffer from a total lack of humour. This opens up a fruitful field of speculation, but probably this deficiency is the rule rather than the exception. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Blake, Tennyson, and Swinburne all lacked it, though some of these poets tried to be funny at times. Browning had a sense of humour, but it may be doubted whether it did his poetry any good. Shakespeare had enough humour for fifty men of letters; but he had everything. Mr. Alfred Austin has not a sense of humour, though he sometimes indulges a cumbrous spirit of gaiety that recalls Mr. Pecksniff in his moments of relaxation.

No, I do not believe in canons of art, save, if you will, of a vague and ineffective character that leave artists free to do what they like. Nevertheless, the school of criticism to which Mr. Austin belongs being powerful these days, I think it would be a goodly task to prepare a list of aphorisms to hang by the bedside of critics of poetry. Mine would be something like this:—

1. A good critic is a man who likes good work, and by dint of his enthusiasm is empowered to perform miracles, teaching the blind to see and the deaf to hear.

2. There are two kinds of poetry, good and bad. Minor poetry is a phrase used by incompetent critics who dare not oppose their judgment to the possible contradiction of posterity.

3. "To artists who can treat them greatly all times and all truths are equal. . . . A poet of the first order raises all subjects to the first rank" (Swinburne).

4. If the poet's intellect gives power and direction to his work, his emotions supply the force that creates it. With most men the emotions become exhausted or sophisticated at a comparatively early age. Hence most poets have done their best work when they were young.

5. The aphorism that poets are born and not made is merely an untruthful expression of the fact that not every one can become a poet by taking pains. It would hardly be excessive to say that the first task of every artist is to create his own genius; it is our misfortune that most artists have neglected to do this.

6. Poets who try to teach in song have derived small benefit from their suffering.

7. We have all endured the man who sings because he must; there is something to be said for the man who sings because he can.

8. The wise critic will always approach poetry on his knees, even though he ends by sitting on it.

9. Bad poetry is not nearly so harmful as bad criticism of poetry.

And so on. . . . It would be possible to fill a number of THE ACADEMY with such things, without saving one critic from the quenchless flames. The only sane method by which to become a good critic of poetry is to love poetry. That is

why Professor Saintsbury's "History of English Prosody" seems to me to be a great book. I think he has the most catholic appreciation of poetry that any man, not excluding the poets themselves, can ever have achieved, and he is free from the poet's inevitable prejudices. The first volume may be skimmed over advantageously by any one not specially interested in prosody as a science; but the second and third volumes should be read and re-read by all lovers of English poetry. Such a critic may well reconcile poets to criticism.

And this brings me to the vexed question of the utility of critics. It seems to me clear that critics can be of little service to men of genius or even to artists of real ability, but as middlemen between artists and the general public they are, unhappily, necessary. It is often forgotten how far the reading public to-day is dependent on the critics to tell it how many of the monstrous multitude of new books are worth reading. Poetry is very badly treated by the Press in general because there is no money in it, and the daily newspapers prefer to devote their literary columns to reviews of novels written in batches of six by elderly unmarried ladies between breakfast and lunch. But it must be added that the bulk of the criticism of new poetry that does appear in the periodical Press is surprisingly well done. The only pity is that there is not more of it.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

MUSIC

WE are all industrious nowadays. Idleness, dear, lazy Nymph, has few votaries. It is no longer the *mode* to have nothing to do. But there are some tasks from which we suppose that even those who are most avid of occupation must shrink. The imagination boggles at the thought of his task who had recently to choose the best nosegay of sweet-peas out of 38,000! It were less shocking, one thinks, to have to fly 1,000 miles in a monoplane. Among the more terrible tasks to which willing men bend their energies, that of selecting music for some eighty consecutive orchestral concerts, surely ranks high in its horror. How did Sir Henry Wood set about making the programmes for his "Promenade Concerts"? Did he get up early on eighty days, and compose one programme before breakfast? This would seem to be the easiest way of accomplishing the task. Yet what appetite for breakfast can he have had after the close mental wrestlings which must be undergone before even one programme that shall satisfy the varied tastes of the Promenaders can be settled? We admire Sir Henry Wood very much when he is conducting a concert with that buoyant freshness which can communicate itself even to the "Symphonie Pathétique," but we are not sure that he is not more amazing when we contemplate him at his desk evolving this tremendous list of music.

It may be said without exaggeration that these "Promenades" are the most important concerts that take place in London during the year. They bring the blessing of music to by far the largest number of persons, and to that class of persons which it is most important to influence for good. The more expensive Symphony Concerts and the Chamber Concerts appeal chiefly to those whose taste is already formed, and most of them are given in the afternoon, when breadwinners have to be at their business. But the "Promenades" are given in the evening, when everybody is free to go, and at a time of year when rival attractions are least numerous. They are very good, very cheap, and, oh! comfort of comforts, you may smoke as you listen. The vast majority of the "Promenade" audience is not highly critical. It is willing to be pleased. There is still something of the Old Adam in its spirit, and it applauds

with great heartiness just those items of the programme which made Sir Henry Wood, when he set them down, just a little reluctant and impatient. Of course there is in the audience a substantial leaven of the higher critics, who have attended for the sake of the new work, or the Brandenburg Concerto, or the Debussy. But these do not count overmuch. The problem is to give the average young men and women who "like music" an opportunity to hear what is good and beautiful, so that their taste may be gradually improved. That the directors of these concerts have been working with brilliant success towards the complete solution of this problem is a fact patent to all who have followed the course of music in London during the last twenty-five years. Ten years ago such programmes as are now with confidence put before the public every day at the "Promenades" would not have been possible, and we venture to predict that those programmes which "critics" would consider the best will be those most eagerly enjoyed during the present season.

We are told by the one prophet who remains to us, Mr. Thomas Hardy, that it is a question if the reign of what may be called "orthodox beauty" is not approaching its last quarter. He is speaking, of course, of the beauty of scenery. He says of such places as "Egdon Heath" that they appeal to a subtler and scarcer instinct than that which responds to the sort of beauty which is called charming and fair. An older prophet, Mr. Ruskin, felt the same movement within him long ago, when he vowed that he would sacrifice all the view from Richmond Hill for one block of granite and a clump of lady-fern. There is little reason to doubt that they are right about the trend of taste in scenery. Like Catherine Morland under Henry Tilney's training, we are most of us ready to "voluntarily reject the whole city of Bath as unworthy of a place in a landscape." We note the same movement of taste when we go to the picture-galleries. When Mr. Tilney hears Miss Morland declare that the picture before her is "charming," he corrects her immediately, and teaches her to admire something that, if sombre, is much more "charged with meaning." Music appeals to a wider circle than do scenes or pictures. The modern movement of appreciation, therefore, must be given more time in which to make its influence so marked. But that it is growing, and growing fast, there can be no question. Sir Henry Wood and his colleagues recognise this, and they hardly put forward one programme in which there is not something to satisfy the amateur who desires that which is more than merely pretty and charming and delightful. There exist amateurs who would out-Hardy the poet of Wessex—who would like all their music to be Egdon Heaths, who forget that the pastoral scenes through which Tess and Angel Clare wended their unhappy way were beautiful too. At our "Promenades" we are to have smiling landscapes in abundance, as well as stormy November heaths, and, as we have hinted, keen eyes will discover a few *morceaux* in the programmes which are there as a solatium to the taste of those who would exclaim with pleasure at the sight of the geranium-decked houseboats on the Thames. But these are to be found chiefly among the songs, and we have no desire to be severe about their presence, though we own we should have rejoiced had the directors seen fit to raise, and raise considerably, the type of song which is allowed at their concerts.

A judicious conservatism seems to mark these programmes in regard to new compositions. The progressive spirit of a few years ago, when novelties were perhaps too numerous, is at present taking a nap. At the same time there is advance shown in this, that a few pieces which have proved wildly popular are not being "done to death." Indeed, we have looked in vain for Tchaikovsky's "1812;" and the

"Casse-Noisette" and "Peer Gynt" are not to be played every week. Still, it seems to us that a good many popular pieces (excellent though they are), which have been performed over and over again, might have been given a rest, their place to be taken by less familiar works, which only need to be known to become popular. We remember that when Rosa Timmins was thinking about her little dinner Mrs. Gashleigh, her mamma, proposed a fine rich mock-turtle, stewed pigeons, and gooseberry-cream. "I will not have them, mamma," cried Rosa, and she stamped her foot. Had Sir Henry Wood followed Rosa in this display of firmness when the Mrs. Gashleighs among his advisers advocated certain dishes for the "Promenade" banquet we think none of the audience would have suffered. There are pieces by Saint-Saëns, Ambroise Thomas, Moskowski, Max Bruch, and others, which are as excellent as gooseberry-cream, but there are plenty of sweet things which might have taken their places, about which there would have been a refreshing piquancy.

But if there are not many new compositions to be heard, there are a great many artists whose names are new to us. We hope they will all be successful. They are sure of kind and generous treatment from the cheerful "Promenade" audience. Indeed it might be as well if a caution were given them that they are not to consider themselves Melbas and Paderewskis because they received so many "recalls" at the "Promenades." Last year we heard several sensible patrons of these concerts complain that the standard of solo performance was not so high as they could have wished. These amateurs were all agreed that they would have preferred the excellent orchestra without some of the singers and the pianists. But we suppose the time has not come yet for such counsels to bear fruit. The young gentlemen in straw-hats who crowd the "Promenade" find no fault, as we have suggested, with the soloists; and although we ourselves are of the minority which would willingly dispense with the services of second-rate soloists, we shall try and remember that, to a large portion of the audience, they are not second-rate at all, and that we cannot expect everybody to be converted to an acceptance of the finest principles of "taste" as instantaneously as was Miss Catherine Morland.

The concerts begin on the Feast of St. Grouse, and will not come to an end until three weeks after the first pheasant has been shot. We trust that when October 21st has come Sir Henry Wood will not be the worse for his really gigantic labours. In former days he confined himself to conducting the first part of the programme; now, we believe, he conducts it all. But might not a division of labour be wise? Would it not be possible to invite the co-operation of a few of our excellent young conductors and permit them to direct some of the everyday pieces, which they would certainly manage very well? It would be an invaluable experience for them; the audience would not object so long as the chief pieces were under the command of Sir Henry, and that most indefatigable of conductors would find the strain considerably lightened.

SOME NEW FRENCH BOOKS

M. LOUIS DUMUR possesses to the highest degree a quality which is generally a special attribute of the Anglo-Saxon race—humour. But he adds to his humour a deep psychological insight. For some years he has devoted his talent particularly to the portrayal of the different strata of Genevan society. Being a Swiss himself, M. Louis Dumur has lived in Calvin's austere city, and has thus been able to

study and depict the ways of living and thinking of its inhabitants, over whom, in spite of the passing of centuries, the fear and veneration of the great reformer still looms. And he has painted them with a masterly if often satirical touch.

The subject of M. Dumur's new book, "L'Ecole du Dimanche" ("The Sunday-school") (*Mercure de France*, 3f. 50c.) is only a means for the author to guide us through a certain section of Genevan society which is as curious as amusing. He evokes before us some partisans of the excessively clerical portion of the inhabitants of Geneva, and draws them so vividly that we imagine we see them live and act. And in truth we have all—or at least all those amongst us who, as children, have frequented a Sunday-school—known the "clever" scholar, Carcaille, the admiration of the fold, the pride of the clergyman, who knows by heart all the texts and contexts, and whose greatest pleasure consists in insisting on complicated explanations. Who has not met also the complacent monitress, Mme. Collignon, who gives an annual *fête* to the dear children intrusted each dominical morning to her motherly care? As for the description of the *fête* itself, it is replete with humour; each little detail is noted and commented on in so amusing and so true a way that one feels as if one assisted in reality at that awe-inspiring function.

M. Louis Dumur's two leading characters are Pastor Babel and Gédéon Gubernard—the first a fervent admirer of Calvin's doctrine, the second an impassioned freethinker. The author opposes their contradictory views all through the course of his work, and the deductions he draws are both original and interesting. There are perhaps in "L'Ecole du Dimanche" a few pages which may shock certain persons, but the ardent apology of Protestantism with which the book closes will certainly win for M. Dumur the suffrage of many English readers.

"Sonia" is a delightful authoress; her chronicles, which appeared in the *Figaro* under the title of "Petits Cahiers d'une Etrangère," are full of a whimsical humour which is delightful. But . . . she remains invisible; no one has ever seen her. Fortunately, however, for the numerous admirers of her talent, she has a very dear friend, M. Emile Berr, the distinguished writer on the *Figaro* staff, to whom she has intrusted the task of preparing these "papers" for the Press. Some even whisper that "Sonia" and Emile Berr are one and the same person, and perhaps—but hush! we must not divulge secrets! "Sonia's" latest work, entitled "Sonia et ses Amis" (Fasquelle, 3f. 50c.), has just appeared, and will form the most agreeable, as well as the most diverting, of summer reading. Her appreciations on the most varied subjects are jotted down without any particular order, just as they happen to occur to her, in a very feminine way. And her reflections, which combine wit and a fine psychological faculty, betray a rare knowledge of the intricacies and subtleties of the human soul. To give a fairly complete idea of "Sonia et ses Amis" one would have to quote largely from the work. It is sufficient to say that in it she deals with the most heterogeneous subjects—love and morals, pleasure and reason, religion and health—with so much grace and *esprit* that one successively smiles or considers whilst reading her trite reflections. And, a fact which is not the least charm of the work, "Sonia" is deliciously and femininely facetious, as will be seen by her amusing remark:—

En somme, une noble ambition ne me paraît pas inconcevable avec la joie de penser que le succès que l'on espère ferait enrager quelqu'un.

The character of Voltaire has inspired many authors, but there are few books on the great writer as interesting as the

one M. Jules Bertaut has just written for the collection entitled "La Vie Anecdote et Pittoresque des Grands Ecrivains" (Louis Michaud, 2f. 25c.). M. Bertaut, to whom we owe already a most curious "Victor Hugo," has collected in his "Voltaire" numerous anecdotes, some of which are very little known. He sketches the writer's life, underlining it with many incidents which throw curious sidelights on the mentality of the famous sceptic. M. Bertaut shows us Voltaire's existence as a young man in the great city of Paris, his love of luxury, his innumerable adventures, the anxiety of his father, who sent him to Caen, and later to The Hague, in the hope of curbing the rather too turbulent spirit of his son. With regard to Voltaire's imprisonment in the Bastille, we find the following anecdote which, we think, may interest our readers:—

Sa captivité dura onze mois. Ce ne fut que le 11 Avril, 1718, que Voltaire fut remis en liberté. A sa sortie des amis l'attendaient, dont le Marquis de Nocé, qui l'emmena au Palais-Royal, pour le présenter au Duc d'Orléans. Comme on faisait antichambre, le poète s'impatientait et, entendant le grondement lointain d'un orage qui menaçait:—

"Quand ce serait un régent qui gouvernerait là haut," s'écria-t-il, "les choses n'iraient pas plus mal!"

Le Marquis de Nocé ne manqua point de rapporter au Régent le mot de l'embaillé d'hier, en le présentant:—

"Voilà, Monseigneur, le jeune Arouet que vous venez de tirer de la Bastille, et que vous allez y renvoyer!"

"Ma foi, non!" répondit l'autre en riant. "Et même je lui alloue une pension!"

"Je remercie votre Altesse Royale," répondit Arouet, "de ce qu'elle veut bien se charger de ma nourriture, mais je la prie de ne plus se charger de mon logement!"

M. Bertaut says also that when Voltaire met Bolingbroke he declared to a friend:—

"J'ai trouvé dans cet illustre Anglais toute l'érudition de son pays. Je n'ai jamais entendu parler notre langue avec plus d'énergie et de justesse."

In fact we see later that when Voltaire crossed the Channel he was just as enthusiastic over England in general as over Bolingbroke as an individual of that nation. And it is worth observing that M. Bertaut considers Voltaire's sojourn in England the key to the development of his genius:—

Au reste le voyage de Voltaire en Angleterre . . . fut la plus belle de ses opérations intellectuelles, puisque d'un seul coup elle renouvelait toutes ses connaissances et toutes ses idées. La vue de la civilisation anglaise fut en quelque manière un coup de foudre dans l'existence de Voltaire. La contemplation d'une société vivant et prospérant sur des bases si complètement différentes de la civilisation française modifia en quelques mois tous les principes et toutes les pensées de l'auteur d'*Oedipe*.

Voltaire's relations with Frederick the Great have afforded his biographer the occasion of writing a most amusing chapter, showing how by incessant intrigue Voltaire managed to win the friendship of the King of Prussia, with whom he had had previously a long correspondence. We see the development and ending of that friendship, which between two so pronounced characters as Voltaire and Frederick II. could not but terminate badly. M. Bertaut's book will be read with the greatest interest by those who have a taste for caustic anecdotes. He has contrived to collect in two hundred short pages the quintessence of the life of one of the most extraordinary characters that has ever existed—François Arouet de Voltaire.

MARC LOGÉ.

THE YOUNG TURK AS LEGISLATOR

IN dealing with the above subject from the standpoint of personal observation one is tempted to adopt the brevity displayed in an encyclopædia of Ireland under the heading of "Snakes in Ireland." "There are no snakes in Ireland."

While it would be going too far too assert that numerically there are no legislators in Turkey, it must be reluctantly admitted that for all practical purposes they rank with the snakes of the Emerald Isle. The Turk proper has never been a legislator, and whatever importance may have been attached to the wisdom of the Cadi in the past, his successor to-day in the Chamber of Deputies or at the Sublime Porte most effectually conceals any inherited virtue in the art of Government.

Doubtless many centuries of arbitrament at the point of the sword, and of almost incredible repression at the hands of the Sultans, do not tend to the creation of leaders imbued with a high sense of constitutional governing powers. Time alone will show whether upon a people so nurtured can be grafted the usages of responsible government. In that legislative chamber on the Bosphorus are mixed, but not blended, the desires and ambitions of the Turk, the Arab, the Greek, the Jew, the Armenian, and the Slav, to mention only the more obvious warring elements. Given a heaven-born gift of the management of men and affairs, the proposition even then would be a tough one. Put in its place an utter absence of the sense of responsibility, a want of tolerance, of sympathy, and of experience, coupled with the possession of Turkish ignorance, pride, and conceit, and the result may be imagined.

The Turk considers himself lord of all; the Arab despises the Turk; the Greek, groaning under a severe trade boycott, hates both; the Jew and the Armenian make money out of all parties, but are liable to periodical massacre; the Bulgar in Turkish dominions wants his own independence—as also do the Albanians and Macedonians. A strong man, a very strong man, is wanted here.

Mahmoud Shevket, the Kitchener of Turkey, is a good soldier and an honest man, but no more; nor does the horizon contain a man who is likely to cope with the situation. The Patriots, who stage-managed that wonderful revolution, have, with few exceptions, been relegated to the background. Their place has been taken by a Camarilla, known—save the mark!—as the Committee of Union and Progress, which has constituted itself the power behind the Throne. Every Minister and important official holds his office at the will of this body, which directs, or tries to direct, the policy of the Empire. Its membership contains numerous cliques who fight among themselves for place or domination. The vote decides the appointment, but does not remove the intrigue against the successful one. Thus it happens that the Committee seldom speak with one voice; its leader has no settled policy. We must go with the strongest current, so that Ministers appointed by this wavering body have no clear policy laid down for them, and their traditional sense of irresponsibility, the fruit of their late Sultan's despotism, is accentuated by the precarious tenure of their office.

Hence the most ordinary business becomes almost impossible. The head of a State Department hesitates to act on his own initiative. He must consult his many counsellors, in most cases his many masters, to whom he owes his position. Their conflicting advice does not mend matters, with the result that nothing is done. Ambition is not wanting, and with the help of foreign experts great schemes are elaborated; railways, roads, shipping, irrigation, all claim the attention of the Minister of Public Works. Tenders are invited and accepted; millions are asked for, and in some cases, after interminable wrangles, voted, and then

nothing more is done. Months of valuable time are wasted by capitalists and contractors, friction and much bitter feeling is engendered between the representatives of friendly nations, as the result of the Turkish diplomacy of playing one off against the other. The people of the country, whose hopes of much-needed communication have been raised, relapse into despair and call upon the name of Abdul Hamid, who at least did get the things he wanted done.

The commercial world of France and England will not soon forget the evil procrastination and evidences of bad faith on the part of the Ottoman Government in connection with certain contracts and financial operations. The recent resignation of Sir William Wilcocks points to the abandonment of the muddle of the Mesopotamian irrigation scheme. Upon one thing alone is there a fair show of unanimity—the country's defence! Millions are poured out upon the Army and a Navy of doubtful efficiency. A dependence upon cruisers no longer in their first youth, palmed off upon a more or less confiding Minister of Marine by the astute Teuton at prices almost equal to new, is not likely to add to the happiness and sense of security of the Young Turk or of the capable British Admiral, his naval adviser. Two gallant admirals have failed to make headway; a third is still struggling with an inefficient *personnel* and material, not to mention a superfluity of masters. The Army, under the tuition of Field-Marshal von der Goltz, has made greater strides, and its progress adds to the already overweening Chauvinism of the Ministry.

Unable to keep her own house in order, as evidenced by the uprisings in Albania and Arabia and the unrest in Macedonia, Turkey nevertheless persists in trailing her coat in front of Greece and Bulgaria. All these troubles add, of course, to the difficulties of legislation, at no time easy to carry into effect. In its comparatively short life the Chamber of Deputies has been the scene of many a stormy sitting, leading at times to personal violence. Even the more dignified Senate is capable of scenes which, in these stirring times in our midst, would cause a shiver to run down the backs of the *habitués* of our own gilded chamber. Nor are the Government's relationships with the Press any too happy. Intolerant of criticism, the suspension of a newspaper is quite a common affair. True, very often the journal rises again Phoenix-like from its ashes, under a new name, only once again to be suppressed. Not content with putting down the paper, political animosity goes so far as to suppress the editor. As a result several lamentable assassinations of prominent men in the journalistic world have to be recorded.

In many cases the legislative palm still itches, and, in spite of official condemnation, continues to be greased, but circumspectly and in a roundabout fashion. The old order of things, where *backsheesh* was taken as a matter of course, is no longer tolerated. Now there are too many eyes on the alert, whose owners are prone to denounce if they may not share in the plunder. The Council of Ministers, or Executive, with the Grand Vizier at the head, is a Committee of Union and Progress in miniature, with the same intrigues, dissensions, and wirepullings of the larger body. Apart from the formal opening of Parliament, the Sultan takes no part in legislation. He signs *iradés* on the request of his Grand Vizier, and has no initiative, truly a contrast to his autocratic predecessor.

Here then we find all the forms of a constitutional Government, a naturally rich country hardly at all developed, a hardworking, and, on the whole, if let alone, an amiable people, but wretchedly administered. Credited with full powers, what wonders could not a Cromer evolve in ten years! One has only to look at the wonderful results of English administration at the Customs to realise the benefits of a good system efficiently carried out. But it is hopeless

to expect these proud and wayward leaders to consent of their own accord to a friendly foreign domination. It may be, if events in the Balkans end in a general conflagration, they may find a triple foreign control forced upon them. It would be a thousand pities if, after throwing off the yoke of Abdul Hamid in such a gallant manner, the Young Turk finds himself unable to handle the reins of Government in such a way as to command the respect of his people and his European neighbours.

ON READING IN BED

Nor that the subject is new; in this case novelty lends not the slightest vestige of excuse to the ever voluble pen. If it need apology let that apology be rather the very universality and hoary antiquity of the subject. Amidst all that is distinctively and blatantly twentieth century, this mellow tradition lingers tranquilly with us. We have no need to debate it, or to school ourselves to it with pains; it is assumed as naturally and irrationally as our dog's circumambulation before curling himself up for a doze. It is so ancient as to be prehistoric; so universal as to be without recorded initiation. We are unable to deck with bays the honoured tomb of our prime precursor. We may only hail him impersonally as one of those Titans who laid the foundations of the world. But for such a purpose as this fancy will serve us as well as history, and a short flight will link us up with Antiquus Lector in his airy villa at Baiae, as he lies couched with his favourite Flaccus, or even with some now mummified kinsman of the Ptolemies, scanning his hieroglyphs to the accompaniment of the immemorial lapping of the Nile.

To hark back to the word, "irrational" is the best expression of its quality. All pretended "reasons" and "causes" for the happy indulgence are mere wills-o'-the-wisp. Nor is there any reason why one should feel arraigned to give a reason, save the fondly-nourished sense of naughtiness that, after our human fashion, seasons the enjoyment. With some of us this may have its origin in dim memories of youthful nights when at least one sense had to be spared from the enthralling volume, to give warning of the parental step on the stair, whereupon a hasty snuffing of the tell-tale candle and a varyingly successful simulation of sleep. For we had strange theories of sleep then, as, for example, that the breath must be painfully suspended, and a kind of *rigor mortis* maintained—quite sufficient, poor innocents, to annihilate our careful deception without the diminished evidence of that tell-tale candle. Or, perhaps, if our youth were stainless, simply the sweetness of stealing an hour from sleep's domain, faithfully promised by our retirement between sheets, marks us guilty in the eye of Nature. But let it be; to invoke the moral law on this score will but burden our already heavy delinquencies, and will reform us not a whit.

Now there be that prescribe for us with pains and mistaken solicitude what our pabulum shall be: as that light and wholesome fiction is a good preparatory to the slumber of innocence; or that the systematic re-perusal of old favourites leaves a pleasant, peaceful glow in the somnolent mind; or, again, that books of devotion titillate the conscience and induce the sleep of the just. But to define limits is destructive of the flavour, and to systematise is anomaly. Let your bedroom shelf be well stocked, and by way of selection, pick your tomes haphazard—or even blindfold—from your library. Having thus recruited your service, rest content. Never debate beforehand the night's election, but retire sedately at your accustomed hour, fostering the idea that your day is spent and that you have dismissed all the "weari-

ness of books" from your mind. A little spice of the supercilious is no demerit. With a clear, childlike mind array yourself for the pillow. Then suddenly, as though seized by a novel impulse, take your candle to the chosen ranks and study the titles lingeringly. As soon as one of them hits your fancy take the book down. He is the lect. With him seek now your couch, and lazily turn his pages until your "frail eyelids" withdraw you from his spell. And on the next night repeat the process. Do not let the previous acquaintance mortgage the delightful uncertainty. The mood must be supreme arbiter; and the mood is errant. Thus one night we have trifled deliciously with Mr. Henry James; the next found new joy in Boswell; another night has delivered us over to "Eothen;" while the following has seen us dozing with Mr. W. W. Jacobs. Of all hours this must be the most catholic and the most erratic.

Concerning the sordid details, such as the perfect recumbent position and the quality and disposition of the candle—matters on which some delight to dogmatise—we have no word to offer. "The play's the thing;" these other little conditions will adjust themselves and may even vary with the event. "The Golden Bowl" will scarcely adumbrate the same posture as, say, Wordsworth's "Excursion;" nor can Spinoza be so easily taken lying down as "The Upton Letters." So long as, that delicious moment arrived when the printed words arouse grotesquely foreign fancies, you may blow out the candle with the minimum of effort, we scarcely see that it matters.

All this, of course, has to do purely with reading in bed as a habitual nocturnal pastime. As a solace in sickness and a judicious encouragement of incipient convalescence some other words might be added to its praise. But here again fancy and inclination must be allowed untrammelled arbitrament. Never be beguiled by well-meaning sympathisers, bulging with the lachrymose literature of sick-bed consolation. Suffer your mood gladly to outrage the proprieties of the case. And the sick mood will be nothing if not irregular. Some earliest recollections of Dickens's "Christmas Books" are connected with a juvenile midsummer malady. It was from the cramping embrace of *la grippe* that we sallied forth to the discovery of Uncle Toby—an unappreciated stranger to us in more robust days; and on another similar occasion we inhaled the invigorating ozone of imagination tramping in breezy company along "The Path to Rome." Yet another redemptive sick-bed memory is supplied by no other than Ibsen's "Brand;" while not one, but many such, linger gratefully about the "Morte D'Arthur," dear companion of many moods and circumstances.

It remains to be observed that some there be who lay up their treasure overnight, and, waking betimes, drag out their choice in the cold, disillusionising light of dawn, suffering the desecration of their peace by premonitions of "getting up," and the resurgent trivialities of the coming day. But these are not of the true fold, and bare mention is all they deserve.

P. J. F.

WHERE AMERICA RULES

"The fool inherits, but the wise man must get." Thus it has gone down through the ages, an unwritten law of progress—and possession. Authority is of the wise and foolish. The ignorant bow before the blusterer; albeit there is an instinct about mankind, as in the lower animal kingdom, that will inevitably force them to recognise their master. To rule well one must always be master; and to govern others man must first learn to govern himself. When dealing with those of unequal advantages, in birth, education, and the handicap of race, we see these traits more

prominently brought into play. It is a grand opportunity; but the difficulties are correspondingly immense.

There is a mistake in the use of the slack rein, just as much as in the over-tight one. It is always a mistake to allow a good horse its head beyond control. It is also a mistake—I admit it—to attempt to judge the actions of any other power in authority without comprehensive knowledge. We may not judge, but we may observe and deduce; and since I have been in Manila I have been "looking on." I have learned that there is a mistaken kindness in that slack rein, in that familiarity that will so often engender contempt. I am sorry to have to say these things, for, let me confess at once, my sympathies are a good deal for the slack rein. But it does not answer.

It is a mistake to attempt to treat the brown man as a white. It is more—it is an impossibility that will lead to trouble. The Americans—a good number of them—are facing this truth just at present. They know, the wise men among them, that they began by making a mistake in the Philippines; they would offer the hand of good fellowship and equality to their little "brown brother." And what is the result? He has been trying to dig his claws into it ever since. Just at present there is much feeling against the American Government in Manila; there is no gainsaying it. An attempt was made to boycott the carnival; literature of a seditious character, stirring up the Filipinos to revolt, has been published in Hong Kong; offer of charitable help on the part of the Government has been refused, or practically so.

These things may happen all the world over where the white man has possessions and the native dwells on equal terms with him; but in no place does the native share equally with his white brother as in Manila. And we cannot hide from ourselves that the result is lamentable. The natives on these islands have little respect for the Americans. Americans do not pretend otherwise themselves. It is common talk on the Luneta, in the hotels and clubs, on the Plaza. Two American women sitting next to me on a public seat were discussing the present political situation here.

"I can't think how it is," said one woman to the other, "but they don't like us; they never have. Oh, the English are different. The Filipinos respect the English, even the Spanish, and they didn't do anything like what we have done for them."

In this instance it is all the more remarkable as the colour question is so strong in America. The severest measures are meted out to the negroes in the States; lynching is not too bad for some offences; while here, in their territory, across the seas, the native will meet with a consideration and leniency often refused his white brother and America's own citizens!

We have noticed the use of this slack rein in other things. It is strange that a people so energetic in many matters, so full of commercial activity, fire, and enthusiasm, should err—as they appear to do—in matters of discipline, order, and military etiquette. One would credit them with a keener eye, a sterner rule. But so it is. Watch a parade of American "soldiers" file past, mark their carriage, the uneven march, the lack of grooming in their horses, the unpolished bits and horse chains, their own uniforms, ill-cut, soiled, and dusty. Now see the native regiment—its smart appearance, its perfect line and alert response to the order of the officer. What a difference!

Do these things matter? I do not know; but order and discipline must stand for something. The lack of these things is somehow like a bad mark for an untidy copybook exercise. They may be just as good fighters, just as determined in their duty and their devotion; but—Well, a soldier is a servant. He has to respect those in authority over him, look up to some one or something. And the

question is, How far can this rule apply to the average Americans? And if they do not do it themselves how can they, in their turn, expect to receive such respect, devotion, and consideration from others?

An incident occurs to me that will give a good idea of this difference between European and American military discipline. Passing a sentry-box one day, my attention was called to the sentry on duty. The man was sitting back in his chair, leaning against the walls of the box, his feet on the railings in front, his gun resting on the ground some seven or eight feet away. In the meantime he was carrying on an apparently lively conversation with other members of the guard, undoubtedly making "light of his duty." And his gun, it has been remarked, just within reach of an enterprising passer-by!

The officials here are the cause of much speculation to me; the American policeman, in particular, is hard to recognise. Officers and men, policemen, postmen, and other deputies of the Government wear little to distinguish them one from the other, and fraternise almost equally. I am told that policemen carry a police badge on their chest, that officers of the American Army wear bands on their arms. In the distance they all look much alike, and in the case of a street skirmish, an argument, or the desire for information, I long inexpressibly for the indubitable and ever-ready friend of our own little Island—the indispensable Man in Blue.

"Jack is as good as his master." The American Tommy sits down to a drink and cigar with his superior officer. It is just the same in civil life. American women will tell you that servants are very difficult to get in Manila. The truth is that the natives do not like working for American mistresses. They do not work for them as well, for example, as they would for the English lady or the Spanish señora. Yet the American woman will probably give them more privileges; she will treat them perhaps more easily. And they will promptly take advantage of her liberality and familiarity; they will laugh at her behind her back. It is a difficult thing to treat one who serves you as an equal and yet maintain one's dignity; yet dignity must be preserved at any cost. Therefore, we see that the Americans are attempting an almost impossible feat, and in consequence they lose their position.

Home life in Manila would appear to be a negligible quantity. The Spanish do not understand the term as it appeals to us, the Americans are no less careless of its charm—careless, we would say, if not unmindful of all that simple word may convey. The English folk out here have lost interest. Manila is so different from England; the conditions of life are different and the domestic difficulties so great; besides, they cannot regard this, they will plead, as their home really. So the little comforts, the trifles that go for extra beauty, the individual touches—all those unnecessary, superfluous things—are missing.

In some ways we cannot blame them; yet it seems a pity. As for the native servants, upon their shoulders is cast the burden of much blame. Granted that the ordinary Filipino may be an untrustworthy occupant of the house, ungrateful and unreliable, here to-day and gone to-morrow—there are other "boys" to be had, from other islands, whom with care and patience one can train into quite excellent workers. I am not convinced of the utter worthlessness of the Filipino "boys" yet. I think they have been spoiled; but I think they also possess many good traits.

In speaking of the home-life here it might be as well to mention that front-doors—if there are any!—are usually flung open in all Spanish houses, and that the visitor is received on the verandahs. When paying an ordinary call, one seldom enters a living-room—an omission that is strange to the English traveller. As these visits usually take place

between the hours of five and eight, afternoon tea is not usually offered; sweets, soft drinks, and others of stronger nature, are passed round instead. No one ever thinks of going out unless obliged between the hours of two and five in the afternoon when the heat is most intense, but with sunset the atmosphere cools and the climate becomes quite fresh and enjoyable.

In a previous paper I have mentioned the deplorable state of the native huts, or nipa shacks; also the steps taken by the American Government to clear these away, substituting others of more sanitary conditions in their place. They are making improvements everywhere; no opportunity for bettering the Islands or their inhabitants is allowed to escape. At Tondo the other day, one of the poorest districts of this city, 1,500 shacks were burnt down in an hour and five minutes, which gives some idea of the inflammability of these dwellings. Fortunately only one life was lost, but almost the entire district was wiped out, and only the sudden veering of the wind saved a hospital-building in close proximity. The Americans are now giving orders for these huts to be rebuilt on more sanitary and fireproof conditions; thus out of evil will good be wrought.

For like actions, for their cheery optimism and never-failing good humour, we admire the Americans. It has been prophesied that they will make of Manila a "garden spot of the Far East and one of the great commercial and civil centres of the world . . ." That it is "a city in the chrysalis, where the lusty Americanism is only beginning to take hold." But, like Los Angeles, it is going to grow and become unquestionably the great "city of the Far East. . . ."

To the young and enthusiastic all things are possible; it is worth while trying. But if America would learn from her mistakes, if she would take advantage of those great opportunities lying ahead of her, let her tighten her hold on the curb. Let her beware of the slack rein.

SYDNEY M. ENGLISH.

A TRIPTYCH OF GENOA

By WILFRID THORLEY

I.

THERE are no gulls at Genoa, and there is no tide. The flotsam lies so thick along the docks that you might rake it in steadily like a haymaker. The Italian is not one for cleaning up after him, and frees himself of unnecessary *débris* by simply dropping it. So the scum thickens daily—bad fruit, broken flasks, rent linen, battered boxes, barrel-hoops, empty eggshells, and the rind of gourds floating idly in vast clots of glittering oil on the green water.

Elephantine cranes hook up half-ton barrels like month-old babies, and drop them gently into the holds. On the passenger liners their work is mainly done by the windlass and a steam-hoist that rattles furiously, and grates on all the nerves, like a rake passing over loose pebble-stones.

People pass incessantly up and down the gangways between boat and quay. Yellow and white ventilators spring from the deck like gigantic fungi, and mysterious vents vomit discoloured water from the ship's bowels.

It is with a sense of relief that the wandering eye alights on the leafless forest-tops of the sailing vessels like tangled harps made for the fingering of delicate Ariels. There is something about them more evidently in harmony with the winds they seek to waylay or elude. The wave-threshing of the steamer is a hidden thing but feebly hinted in the spinning eddy that trails after her; but these slender spars

were clearly made for a foil or caress to the intangible waves of air. The skeins of their cordage print the vacant sky into a symmetry of strange angles and rhomboids in which the oval pulleys hang like netted birds; and the light ribbons at their mast-heads float out horizontally in the steady breeze like weeds in running water.

They are mainly coasting vessels comprising Savona, Spezia, and Leghorn in their rounds; some few even touch Naples and Palermo to eastward, and others go as far to the west as Barcelona. These are the pretty feminine-looking creatures that rock coquettishly among the frolic billows that seem to be playing an endless game of cross-tick with the dock for den. But many of the taller ones bear coal all the way from Cardiff or Shields, and their decks are powdered with coal-dust that glitters like hoar-frost in the blazing sun.

The sailing vessels have an air of domesticity which the steam liners lack. They rejoice in a continual washing-day, and hang all their banners out in the shape of shrunk jerseys and frayed pantaloons. There is generally a comfortable whiff of cooking in the air, and the officer commanding the larder sits on deck contentedly peeling potatoes like the boy in a certain infamous parody. Chanticleer crows blithely from his hidden pen, and a watch-dog dozes peacefully on the mat before the door of the captain's cabin; ease and security seem to breathe through every rib of their timbers; and the stout cables that tether them to the quays seem to be unnecessary bridles to such well-broken fillies.

Early nomenclators had good eyes and saw clearly the sail's likeness to a harnessed steed. Hence the terms "jib" and "spanker." But if sails are horses, they are surely mettlesome winged ones for ever chafing at the bridle and flapping vainly their tethered vans; there is pomp in their unfurling—the very act is a challenge to the elements.

To see them in a fit setting you must ascend one of the steep "salitas" that lead ladder-like to an unknown horizon, and finally bring you out on to the Mura di St. Erasmo, with its rhythmic panorama of billowy hills stretching away beyond the dry river-bed to Porto Fino looming hazily out of the blue water. You must go, sweating freely, on one of those hot mornings when the mists hang over the sea like gossamers, and the light winds ruffle its surface like watered silk. Your way will be cheered by the music of the pack-mules in the narrow alleys and the gambolling of green lizards up the walls; while, once on the level, a myriad grasshoppers will leap from under your tread like spurting water. There, too, you will find many a homely favourite among the wild flowers—corn-cockle, viper's bugloss, clover, and the traveller's joy. Five more sweltering minutes skirting the long barricade that ridges the slope, and you are among the scarred hills, with the old castle rooted fast on the farther summit like a giant barnacle left high and dry. The grass-blades are studded with millions of baby snail-shells that look like pearl-barley and crunch under your feet; and tufts of dwarf sea-holly still claim these arid slopes as lost fiefs of the sea.

Below lies the harbour like a faded map on a vast blue sheet. The slim masts stand like threaded needles set the wrong end up to spear the mist-veils that go drifting by. Feeble and ineffectual they look; rather as though their cobwebbed spars were delicate looms for the spinning of these morning gossamers. But let a single barque move out with all sail set and curtsy bravely to the wind like a courtly duellist, and you will see how much more beautiful she is than one of those dark-hulled liners that burrow a roaring pathway through the still water, and which, for all their power, are helpless slaves at the bidding of man. For the sailing-vessel asserts herself finely; holds secret communion with the sprites of air, and follows her own whims with an air of disdain. No blatant hooting of syrens for

her, nor trailing of black smoke against the sky. She goes on her way with a suave and noiseless decorum, bidding no man stare:—

The stately ships go by
To their haven under the hill.

It is right; no other adjective is possible.

II.

You might spend many days in the half-light of these narrow alleys, among the hum and bustle of petty trading, and never suspect the tropic splendour of the outer light. The air is stifling. Hundreds of scavengers are at work daily clearing up the filth and litter, and the odour of sprinkled quicklime struggles against the fouler stench. There are marble porticoes bearing sculptured panels with horned skulls of slaughtered beasts, corselets, helmets, and all those things that bear witness to "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." Hoarse women line the courts with baskets of peaches or silver fishes, chanting a loud antiphonal chorus in praise of their fare, which concludes with a slurred and falling note like Gregorian psalmody. Unspeakably dirty children play "five-stones" and wrangle vehemently on doorsteps; and a hot greed of life seems to assert itself at every turn. Monkeys and parakeets chatter together from the bird-stores; revolving fans whisk away rapacious flies in the pastry-shops; and sailors of all nations are ranting and roaring in the dim canteens, where the dark wine of Asti is slipping down their dusty throats. A legless man with a most demoniacal countenance pleads for your charity in the name of Christ, and curses you hotly on refusal. He is drawn in a tiny carriage by a pair of large dogs, and takes up his station under one of the many corner shrines to the Madonna, who gazes heavenward rapt in a most sensual languor and escorted by fluttering *amorini*. Newspaper and book stalls herald a victory for Italian automobilism, or the arrest of a Minister for fraud. Merry postcards of gay ladies disrobing lure the dawdling eye, and innocent little tracts offer to teach you all the mysteries of love for twopence only. A scavenger, whipping away a famished cat from a heap of garbage with his broom, shovels it into his bin and passes on. Strung banners of damp clothing festoon the way overhead, and the opened doorway of a church sends out a puff of sweet incense. A hawker stands by proffering candles for the devout, and a glaring anti-clerical poster on an opposite wall announces sensational disclosures of monkish vice in a popular weekly. The little love-birds flutter ceaselessly to and fro in their cages; the parrots screech and the pigeons coo as in the green forest. It is all one to them.

A black-haired sailor saunters up to the hawker and eyes his wares critically. His bare, brown arms are tattooed with cryptic symbols, and his torso veiled only in a network singlet. He takes up a trinket and tosses it down with a deprecatory gesture. The hawker is voluble, and his hands begin to work on either side of his tray like an equilibrist manœuvring with his balancing-pole. The customer's dark brows arch and fall as he makes a lower bid and turns to go. The pedlar is shrewd, bides by his price, and the man returns. Again he eyes the gauds—crucifixes, rosaries, and a loose heap of silver filigree ware framed about with votive candles. The sparkle of the trinkets snares his eyes. But to be routed into bargaining is the bitterest of all defeats to him and his kind.

What follows is a species of hypnotism.

He approaches the pedlar with arms as busy as mill-sails, voluble and tragic. The hawker smiles sardonically; shrugs his shoulders, and slides an inch or two backwards.

An instant more the sailor wavers. Is he balancing mundane against immortal gain? He yields, takes up a glittering silver heart tipped with mimic flame; enters the church with his offering; and murmurs a "Salve Regina" before the dusky shrine of our Lady of the Sea.

THE MAGAZINES

MANY of us have been struck at one time or another by the somewhat remarkable system of symbols to be found serving as a sort of skeleton to the divine zest of Shelley's poetry. The majority of these have been worked out by W. B. Yeats in an illuminating essay; but in the current number of *The Quest* there is an article by Professor Sieper, of the University of Munich, that deals with the "Ophite-Gnostic Influences in Shelley," in which some of these symbols are traced back to an identical use of them in that strange Oriental sect. Professor Sieper quotes a passage in exposition of this sect from the Leonardo da Vinci of Mereschowski (so he spells it; why cannot a uniform system of transliteration for the Russian be agreed upon by scholars?), and then proceeds to examine such works as "Laon and Cythna" (as "The Revolt of Islam" was first conceived), and "The Assassins," finding some very remarkable correspondences in them. It is noticeable that both these works belong to Shelley's earlier years, and it is evident that Shelley shook off the influences of an artificial system of symbolism in his later work. Nevertheless, none who have examined with any care such a poem as "Prometheus Unbound" can fail to see the traces of some similar system even there. Other articles in an exceptionally good number are "Some Phases of Religious Art in Eastern Asia," by Laurence Binyon, which deals comprehensively rather than critically with the subject; "Dante and the Renaissance," by Dr. Kampers, in which learning and illumination contend for mastery; and "Paganism—Greek and Irish," by Standish O'Grady. There is a fine opportunity to trace the ancient connection between Irish Paganism and the Greeks; but Mr. O'Grady has turned his subject aside to didactic purposes: necessary, yet scarcely wise. One is apt continually to lament the lack of such poetry in our magazines as haunts the imagination and memory, and, therefore, attention must be drawn to a poem entitled "Call me not Back" in this number. Moreover it is signed by a name that has lately been much before public attention—Mr. Edmond Holmes.

In the *Quarterly Review* there are several very admirable contributions. Since Mr. Arthur Symonds first began the signing of articles there have been few articles that have not been traceable to their authors in this review; and this has been more particularly the case with literary matter. Therefore it is somewhat surprising to see an article on "English Prosody" make its first appearance without a name to foot it. There are not many writers on this subject; and the suggestion is therefore given that the writer is one of those, such as Mr. Bridges or Mr. Omond, whom Professor Saintsbury treated with some unfairness in his monumental work on the subject. For, although the works of these gentlemen head the article, the review is mainly occupied with the "History of English Prosody, from the twelfth century to the present day." It is notable and complete. Its author does not fail to notice Professor Saintsbury's perpetual, if unintentional, unfairness in his handling of the views of his opponents in the prosodical field. Mr. H. A. L. Fisher has an article on "Lord Acton's Historical Work" that lacks nothing of its author's completeness of know-

ledge and perspicuity of insight. The manner of writing reviews to which the *Quarterly* still adheres has faults not less apparent in the result than in the logic of the conception; but in the review at present under notice the method is obviously marked out for triumph. In fact there is no other way in which the same result could be achieved; though the introduction of M. Aulard's monumental work on the French Revolution is rather apt to spoil the symmetry of the idea. Mr. Charles Tennyson writes on "Irish Plays and Playwrights," but fails to do necessary justice to certain aspects of the beginning of the Irish Theatre movement. It is to be imagined that he is indebted for his information on the subject to those who constitute what may be called the second layer of the inspiration rather than to those who first gave it its breath of life. Yet, from the outside, and from scarcely critical enough a standpoint, his article certainly covers a wide field.

One of the chief features in the *Dublin Review* is an article by Hilaire Belloc entitled "On a Method of Writing History." Mr. Belloc has a manner of confining his paragraphs to single sentences, which is apt to destroy a continuity of thought, and convey the impression of journalistic enterprise, instead of the weightier effect we should imagine he would esteem as more desirable in such an article as the present. This remark is not only a statement: it is a criticism of his article. His appeal for a new method of writing history (which is not new, seeing that it was the one chiefly employed by Carlyle) is comprised in this: that history should no more be merely a matter for learning and erudition, but should also imply that power of imagination and gift of description that should make the period chosen vivid and vital—re-created, that is to say—to the general reader. The idea has been in the air for some time, and it will be interesting to see how Mr. Belloc will employ it in the new history on which we believe he is shortly to be engaged. Another article of interest is that by Dr. Barry on "Catholicism and the Spirit of the East."

An essay of considerable interest in the *Nineteenth Century* is entitled "Readers a Hundred Years Ago," by the genial Dr. Hagberg Wright. Its title gives its scope. To be true, it is very largely concerned with writers a hundred years ago as well as readers, but that in no way diminishes its interest. One is always—and rightly—distressed to notice a writer enunciate an appeal for war, and support it with unction. But when a general in the Army, such as Sir Reginald Hart, writes "A Vindication of War," and heads it with texts from the Bible, then surely there is occasion to deplore a certain lack of right feeling. We are far from disagreeing with some of Sir Reginald's conclusions, and when he says that "The Bible does not say that war is the root of all evil, but that money is," we are apt to agree with that remark without admitting that it commits us to the further conclusion that the Bible advocates war. Moreover, as Ruskin pointed out, war may be supremely healthy, and peace supremely unhealthy. All this may be so. But it is surely quite another matter when a professional soldier pleads a religion that proclaimed peace on earth and goodwill toward men as the authority for his calling. It is at best indiscreet and at worst in doubtful taste. General Baden-Powell has an excellent article in the same magazine on the "Educational Possibilities of the Boy Scouts' Training." In *Blackwood's* T. F. Farman deals with the propaganda for Proportional Representation that has lately been inaugurated with considerable zest in France in an article he calls "The R.P. in France." It makes instructive and interesting reading. An exceedingly well-informed article on the present situation in Morocco appears in the same magazine under the title of "Morocco in Liquidation" over the pseudonym of "Kepi." In *Mind* for this quarter there are some admirable contributions. It may always be

relied on for matter of substantial interest, but what may provide interest for the philosophical student may not always serve the same end for the ordinary reader. That is not the case in the present number. The usual four leading essays are, for example, one by Mr. Bradley on "On Some Aspects of Truth." As the controversialist with the late Professor James, and, in view of that philosopher's late book, this article proclaims beforehand the interest its reading confirms. "Professor Bergson on Time and Free-will," by M. Balsillie, is again just such another essay. The two others have not what may be called topical appeal, but they do not fail of interest for that reason. They are "Reality as a System of Functions," by Gerald Castor, and "The Meaning of Human Freedom," by G. C. Field.

Among the lighter magazines, the *Midsummer* number of the *Century* is a full cornucopia indeed. Probably the most interesting paper is the "Recollections of Millet" by Charles Jacque. In the *Windsor* Rudyard Kipling makes his first appearance after a lengthy silence. It is good to see his name again, but we should have liked to see it over a less reminiscent story. A good number, too, is *Harper's*. An article by Richard Le Gallienne on "Legendary Ladies of the Poets" suffers only from being too short; and Professor Robert Kennedy Duncan's name is a guarantee of excellence that his article on "The Prizes of Chemistry" more than well substantiates.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

[Our contributor who deals with Foreign affairs, Mr. Lancelot Lawton, leaves England this week for Russia. He will from time to time send articles from St. Petersburg and other centres which, we think, will prove of considerable interest to our readers.]

THE BERLIN CONVERSATIONS

THE Moroccan situation remains practically as it was at the end of last week. An official announcement was then made by the German Foreign Office to the effect that in the conversations between M. Cambon and Herr von Kiderlen Waechter there had taken place an approximation of views as to the basic principles of an agreement, and that the elaboration of details, which might be expected to take some little time, and required thorough consideration, was occupying the attention of the Imperial Government Department concerned.

There was no doubt wisdom in the issue of this somewhat cryptic statement, however little it may have been warranted by the facts of the case, inasmuch as it seemed to indicate a welcome relaxation of the tension between France and Germany, which had steadily gained in acuteness ever since the gunboat *Panther* made her appearance at Agadir some five weeks ago. But apart from the temporary feeling of relief produced by its publication, the announcement meant practically nothing at all. It was indeed ill-received by the Press of both the countries chiefly concerned. The attitude assumed by the principal journals of Paris is one of frank scepticism as to the existence of any justification for what it describes as a wave of optimism; while in Germany the *Post* and other Pan-German organs profess themselves furious at the mere thought that the Franco-German dispute may possibly be composed on terms of mutual satisfaction, and that as a result of Herr von Kiderlen Waechter's bargainings Germany may have to be the giver as well as the taker. The more violent journals have even gone so far as to blame the Kaiser himself as being responsible for the conciliatory attitude of the Government, with an unmeasured

vehemence which has called forth the censure of all their more reputable and responsible contemporaries. It may well be, however, that this abuse and lamentation over a potentially humiliated Fatherland has not been evolved without some nicety of calculation, inasmuch as it is generally conceded that his Imperial Majesty is not insensitive to the expressions of public opinion.

The rigid secrecy which has been maintained from the offset as to the negotiations between M. Cambon and Herr von Kiderlen Waechter has in no way been relaxed, but since the officially announced "basic agreement" another interview has taken place between the two Ministers, and as a result of this meeting it is now semi-officially stated that no opinion can be expressed as to whether a definite agreement between the two countries is impending. The value of the alleged "approximation" is thus materially minimised almost as soon as its effect on public opinion has been gauged, and this would be quite in accord with the customary procedure of German diplomatic negotiations had there been any real justification for the contention of the violent party that the *rapprochement* had been brought about by the conciliatory attitude of the German State Secretary. That this, however, has not been the case has been the sedulous postulate of the German semi-official Press, which has been at great concern to assure its readers that the approximation of the opposed positions was brought about by concessions on the part not of Germany but of France. According to these inspired accounts, it was a modification by the Republican Government of its attitude which is said to have put an end to a crisis of a grave character which existed last week, when the last conversation revealed so considerable a divergence between the views of the two statesmen that both had a feeling that the continuation of the negotiations on the previous basis would be purposeless and harmful. A pause of two days' duration followed, without communication on either side, which is described as the height of the crisis, and at the end of that time, it is said, M. Cambon decided to send an urgent appeal to his Government for fresh instructions and powers. The consequence was the Ministerial Council in Paris on August 3rd, at which M. Cambon was given the desired power to make further concessions to the German demands. The same day, it is said, the French Ambassador informed the German State Secretary, and the negotiations took a course so rapid that by noon on the following day a basis had been formed in principle. At two o'clock on Friday, the 4th inst., a Note had been drawn up jointly by M. Cambon and Herr von Kiderlen Waechter, in which the approximation achieved was communicated to the official news agencies.

Be this as it may—and it should be said that the account is largely discredited in France—the latest statement from Berlin, to which an equal but no greater measure of credence must be given, considerably detracts from its value, if indeed it does not altogether nullify its effect, and the looked for departure of the gunboat *Panther* from the closed Port of Agadir has not become much nearer realisation than at any time since the Berlin conversations began. But indeed it is hardly to be expected that Germany, having at length made her pounce upon this most desirable harbour on the Sus coast, will be persuaded to forego the unquestioned advantages given her by the *fait accompli* without altogether adequate compensation in other directions. And from the German point of view adequate compensation for Agadir, which would before long imply also Marakesh, and would ultimately lead inevitably to the supersession, and thence to the extinction, of the now flourishing neighbouring port of Mogador, must be expected to imply something very considerable and of immediate tangible value. The selection of and descent on Agadir is no new project of German schemes.

The value of this lonely harbour on the Atlantic coast of Africa—deserted merely as an act of vengeance by its Moorish lord—has long been scheduled in German archives, and its desirability as an acquisition has for many years been preached and written by Germany's most eminent travellers. It may even be said that the constant aching but quite natural desire of German naval authorities to secure a coaling-station somewhere in the Atlantic rather than, or as well as, one in the Mediterranean ranks but as one of the minor reasons for the German endeavour to obtain a firm foothold in this corner of Moorish territory.

And as to that much-vexed question of a German coaling-station it should perhaps be recalled that the late Marquess of Salisbury was always of the opinion that Germany should be permitted to secure a coaling-station in the Mediterranean, preferably on some island, inasmuch as the possession of such a base would tend to separate her fleet, and thus render one or more sections of it especially vulnerable in time of war.

MOTORING

MOTORISTS who are interested in the question of securing the ideal system of lighting for their cars will do well to study the certificate of performance which has just been issued by the R.A.C. with respect to the 2,000 miles' trial of the Polkey-Jarrott electric lighting set, held recently under the official supervision of the club. Stripped of the technical phraseology in which all such reports are necessarily couched, the fact stands out clearly that the trial was completely successful, and that at last has been evolved a thoroughly reliable, economical, and in every way satisfactory system of utilising electricity, with all its admitted advantages over every other kind of illuminant, for car-lighting purposes. The trial consisted of commencing with discharged accumulators, and running on the standard trial roads of the Club at night—with the exception of the first and last days—over an average of 150 miles per night for thirteen consecutive nights. This means that from six months to a year's ordinary running was condensed into a fortnight. During a considerable portion of the test the climatic conditions were most unfavourable, much fog and rain being encountered during the first week, so that in every way the trial constituted the severest possible test of the reliability of the lighting outfit. The result, as set forth in the report, was that no adjustments of any kind were found necessary to any part of the equipment throughout the trial; the wear of the various parts of the dynamo was so slight as not to be measureable, and the only replacements required were five filament bulbs, representing a quite insignificant outlay. Such are the essential facts embodied in the voluminous official report, and it may be taken for granted that the result of the trial will be an immediate increase of interest on the part of motorists in electricity as a safe, practical, reliable, and economical mode of car illumination.

Mr. Thomas Alva Edison has just arrived on a visit to this country, and, according to the representative of a daily contemporary noted for its sensational discoveries, announces that he has now solved the problem of producing an electric accumulator which will entirely supersede the internal combustion engine as a means of motor-car propulsion. The hitherto insurmountable difficulty in the way of inventors has been, of course, the great weight of the accumulators required to propel a motor vehicle a long distance without re-charging; but he is now stated to have solved it by using

nickelled steel as an outer casing, and a solution of potash instead of sulphuric acid. Unfortunately, rumours of a similar effect have been periodically current for a number of years, and the ideal Edison accumulator has never even partially materialised up to the present. One is therefore bound to regard the latest discovery with scepticism, in spite of the authoritative source of its announcement, more especially as the latter is accompanied by the staggering statement that cars fitted with the new invention can run 300 miles at a cost of 3s. Such an addendum to the report deprives it of any trace of verisimilitude it might otherwise have borne.

One of the cars that ran through the Prince Henry Tour without the loss of a single mark was the six-cylinder Rolls-Royce, entered and driven by Mr. Claude B. Palmer, of Pelaw-on-Tyne. With a heavy load of five passengers up, the petrol consumption averaged $15\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the gallon—an excellent performance in view of the fact that the car was built in 1908, and was probably the oldest in the competition. It had, moreover, done unusually heavy work prior to participating in the recent tour, including that of several Army manoeuvres and four different Parliamentary elections, in addition to extensive touring through Germany, Belgium, and Holland. Altogether, according to the published statement of the owner, the car has covered 21,992 miles on all sorts of roads without one involuntary engine-stop, and is now running as well as ever.

A good guide to the popularity or otherwise of any particular make of motor-tyre is the extent to which it is used on cars entered in important competitions, and it is interesting to note that no fewer than 51 per cent. of the tyres fitted to the cars which took part in the Prince Henry Tour were "Continentials." It will be remembered by those interested in such matters that the Prince Henry Trophies of 1908, 1909, and 1910 were won on cars fitted with this well-known make of tyre, and on this occasion the cups presented by the Queen and the German Empress were gained on cars equipped with "Continentials." Recent successes in important competitions in this country include both the Junior and the Senior Tourist Trophy races for motor-bicycles, events which impose the severest possible strain on tyres owing to the rough and mountainous nature of the roads over which the races are run. That both these events should be won on "Continentials" is a very high tribute to their durability, resilience, and all-round efficiency.

PIERROT

His origin has been traced to harmless clowns in Italy or Provence; and even he would smile a little to hear it.

Whatever his history may have been, he is now the only ideal that remains unchallenged. The knight in armour, the motley fool, the lean-faced saint with his rigid draperies and his burning colours are all gone. The one imaginative figure that is familiar and comprehensible to all of us is Pierrot. The severe beauty of his flimsy raiment, the white face under its round black cap, the peculiar spirit of which he is the symbol, are very dear to the heart of Europe. In the twilight of the gods he stands forth, luminous, frail, and debonair.

He is like a visitant from the moon, and keeps the manners and costume of the dead world. He is cold and clothed in alternate light and blackness. He walks in an atmosphere of mortality, almost of corruption; his presence is more

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chilling than any ghost's or devil's; he is the patron saint of decadence. Yet a thin unbreakable valour is in him, and he blows a silvery trumpet of shrill defiance against the shadows that enclose him. When he stalks before us, we seem to hear Pascal's plangent epigram vibrating into silence: *L'homme est un roseau pensant*—a reed which thinks; and though the Cosmos gather itself to crush him, the thought which is quenched when the reed breaks leaves the world black and gross and defeated. Pierrot, in brief, represents man's disdainful criticism of Fate. He is a smiling, cynical aristocrat, stepping daintily to the monstrous guillotine, and jesting by the way. He has no mirth, but draws our uneasy laughter, if we laugh at all, by his impeccable solemnity.

To this has the Comic Spirit been necessarily refined. Prometheus or Hamlet or Faust may symbolise the collision of the whole man—brain and heart and will—with the overwhelming Powers. Pierrot is the apotheosis of pure intellect in aloof antagonism to the brutality of circumstance. He is the least personal of types. Yet he goes often masked, as if he could seem more unfeeling than he is. He is so languid that he cannot be tired. He never sleeps, and when he leaves the revels one would not care to follow him, even in fancy. He exhibits his mortal *ennui* to himself in solitude as to the most elaborate company. What it hides were a question not to be propounded. He will come back when the rooms are lighted and the moonlight is on the gardens.

The dawn comes coldly into *salons* where the viols are silenced and the dancers have gone wearily away, and the flowers of last night are dead. Pierrot's pointed feet still linger on the parqueted floor; but his bloodless face takes no new pallor, though the roses of youth would be wilted and ashen in the growing day. He saunters out on to the terraced walks; the chill breeze flutters his piebald muslin, but he shivers not. Amiable and impassive, he strolls away; he is vanishing down yonder alley of cypresses; he turns and waves a waxen hand. Is Pierrette at her window? There is a glimmer of white by the distant fountain—and he is gone.

COMPANY MEETING

THRELFALLS BREWERY

IN moving the adoption of the report and accounts, with its recommendation of a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares for the year, at the meeting of Threlfalls Brewery Company, Ltd., held on the 3rd inst., Mr. P. J. Feeny, who presided in the temporary indisposition of Mr. Charles Threlfall, expressed himself as highly gratified in being able to submit such a satisfactory report of the business of the Company, having regard to the excessive taxation which had been imposed upon the trade. Shareholders would notice, he said, that they had treated their accounts in the same way as they did a year ago, but in comparing them it would be necessary to take into consideration the fact that they had had to pay the increased licence duties under the Finance Act for the full year. Nevertheless, their profits from trading had amounted to £185,598, as against £173,142, or an increase of £12,456. They had written off for depreciation £30,105, against £25,615, and, having placed £1,000 to workmen's compensation fund and written off £885, the expenses in connection with their debenture stock issue, they were carrying forward to next year the substantial sum of £38,098.

With respect to the issue of a portion of their debenture stock which had been made during the year, he would like to say that many of their large depositors had intimated

that they were willing to accept that stock in exchange for their deposits at the market price of the day, and they, after having given notice to their debenture stockholders to that effect, had given to the depositors an opportunity to make applications, with the result that they allotted £350,000 nominal at 80 per cent., which was the then market price of the day. They had accordingly received in cash the sum of £280,000, and the discount of £70,000 had been taken from the reserve. That issue had been made without paying any commission whatever, and the only expense incurred in connection with it was the sum of £885, which included £625 for stamping the debenture trust-deed.

He felt sure shareholders would agree with him that by adopting that course the Directors had materially strengthened the financial status of the Company. He could only add that to present such a satisfactory report of their business in the troublous times through which they were passing was very pleasing indeed to him, and he was sure that they would all agree that it was due to a very great extent to the able management of their Managing Director, Mr. George Barker, who spared neither time nor energy in promoting the welfare of the Company.

Mr. Hedges, a shareholder, said that he had come prepared to criticise the issue of the debenture stock; but, having heard the explanation of the Chairman, he was perfectly satisfied that the position of the Company had been thereby improved.

The report was adopted, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks, moved by Mr. Buzzard, who pointed out that, heavy though the incidence of taxation might be, they had done very much better than most of the other large brewery companies.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

NOTWITHSTANDING the beautiful weather, in spite of the persistent good trade throughout the country, the Stock Exchange declines to be comforted. It is in a most melancholy mood, and sees evil in everything. Day by day prices are marked down, and one rumour follows another. We are all very sure that there is no need for alarm over the Morocco question, yet a silly scare such as the discovery that the sentries at a powder-magazine carry ball-cartridge sends a shiver through the House. I will admit that the Yorkshire Penny Bank arrangements shook our confidence. The Bank had eighteen millions of deposits, and it had for years relied upon the simple system of investing those deposits in gilt-edged stocks or gilt-edged mortgages. Both have proved delusive. The Bank attempted to give all depositors and customers a higher rate of interest than they could obtain elsewhere, and as the management had no chance of making money except by lending to its customers, it proved that banking upon such lines was but a method of philanthropy with no business attractions. It is useless to blame any one. It is the system that must bear the shame of failure. I do not wish to pose as Cassandra, but I foresee a similar catastrophe in store for such of our joint-stock banks as persist in placing the bulk of their funds in investments. Money-lending is, after all, dependent upon credit. Credit can only be judged by constant attention, the closest examination. The wrapping-up of one's money in the coupon napkin is the result of sheer

indolence. It saves trouble to buy £1,000 Consols instead of spreading it over the purchase of twenty small bills. But naturally the risk is greater. For it is dependent upon the nerves of the nation, not the honesty of its traders. Our London joint-stock banks are bound in rules of the most stringent character, and thus bound they have to fight the great foreign banks, whose principal employees work on the *tantieme* system, and never lose an opportunity of making money. The foreign banks cut the thing close, and work upon a minimum of cash, but their growth has been extraordinary, and in Paris, Berlin, and the Near East they do all the trade, whilst even in London they do more than their proper share.

CONSOLS keep weak, and no one dares to prophesy any revival, for the gilt-edged market is completely out of fashion. Underwriters who have been stuck with stock—and what underwriter has been lucky enough to escape?—come into the gilt-edged market and try to raise money. The dealers will not put stock on their books, and the quotations therefore remain weak. But cheap money will tell in the long run, and, given peace, I consider a rise certain:

FOREIGNERS are still dull, and prices may be considered flat without any real weakness. But the bull account in Paris has been quite destroyed, and as soon as the French Junior Banks have disposed of their Argentines we may see a revival. There seems no chance of the Montenegro trouble coming to actual war, and once again I repeat that the great bankers laugh at war over the Morocco question. Indeed, they send buying orders into the market whenever the price appears tempting. A glance over the list of Foreign Stock shows hardly any fall of moment.

HOME RAILS.—All the railways have had a magnificent half-year's trade. All except the Hull and Barnsley have either maintained or increased their dividends. The reports have now been issued and the detailed figures bear out the preliminary announcements. Money has been saved, money earned, and money distributed. Yet in spite of all this the Home Rail Market is the dullest and flattest in the Stock Exchange. Had there still been any big bull account I could understand the fall, but that has gone. It seems to a casual person that all the dealers are as convinced of the future as I am myself. Therefore, being desirous of laying in a stock for sale during the autumn months, they are hammering the market with the notion that they can buy to-day what they may sell to-morrow. Those who think that they can obtain a gilt-edged investment to yield 5 per cent. at any moment of their lives, or whenever they choose, make a great mistake. They have the chance to-day. They will not get it long. It is preposterous to suppose that we shall see the present low level continue. The strikes are serious, but they will end. Strikes do not last for ever. Those who buy when everybody sells make the money that the fool loses. I am not suggesting a gamble. The cost of carrying heavy rails is prohibitive. But I do suggest a purchase.

YANKEES have had a smart reaction. It is merely one of those see-saws that we know so well in the American market, and fear so little when the "money is on." The big bankers are quite confident. To those who know New York this is sufficient. The crop is quite up to the average, and it is the crop and the crop alone that governs the railway market. We may read elaborate statistics about the railways, but they one and all depend upon the crops in their ultimate prosperity. Unions have fallen to a very tempting figure, and again I call attention to the convertible bonds in this and many other Yankee railways. We get an option for nothing, and good interest on our money. The public does not realise this. It comes into the markets and buys, but it does not study the position. Neither will it buy Yankee rails when they are low. I am told that the

big finance houses expect an autumn boom, and when all the weak bulls are shaken out they will put up prices again. It sounds cruel, but finance in Wall Street is cruel. The strong man wins all the time. The weak man to-day is feeling the hammer, and feeling it very badly.

RUBBER shares are never dealt in, for the public holds at such prices that a sale is impossible. The aftermath of the boom is not being reaped with much profit. Many of the Malay companies will live to pay good dividends, but the Trusts are doomed, and the "outside shows" are also doomed. This is not of much help to the unlucky people who took shares. The Mount Austin, which was floated on a basis of forward sales, and whose shares were pushed to a premium on the strength of tons of rubber sold at huge prices now admits that it cannot enforce such contracts. Luckily, it has secured a fine of £10,000, which will go towards the dividend for 1912. But other companies have not been so fortunate. These so-called contracts are absurd, for they are only enforceable when things go well. When they go ill they mean a lawsuit. If a rubber company could job on such contracts I can conceive that they would be useful. But the Rubber Boards are not the people to job. That is an art not learnt in the Lane or on a plantation.

OIL keeps firm—I can say no more. But it is high praise in these days of sagging markets. The shale people in Scotland talk of a combine, but unless Fraser lead it, the promoters shall have none of my money. He is the only capable oil manager in the Lothians.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS are strong and weak just as the dealers buy back, and the shops support their special favourites. Neither here nor in Paris does the public take any interest in mines. The Brakpan crushing was good, for it showed a profit of 9s. 11d. per ton, which, when the labour allows, should show a handsome dividend.

EGYPT.—The damp weather still continues and the worm terror grows. The land wants dry heat such as we have here. That kills worm quicker than any vermifuge. I am told that the crop will in any case be over 6,000,000 cantars, which at the present price is quite good enough.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

A COSMOPOLITAN FOLK-SONG

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Thirty or forty years ago I often heard sung, and also recited, in Germany and Austria, some sing-song very much like the Cornish one mentioned in your to-day's number. As the audience always was much amused, laughed, and bravoed, I fancy it was considered a "comic song." I don't remember all of it, but am sure that it began:

Question I.: "Lieber Freund, nun sage mir was ist Nummer Eins?"

Answer: "Eins ist der Herr Gott
der da Schuf
die ganze Welt und
Alles was da ist
im Himmel und auf Erde."

Question II.: "Lieber Freund, nun sage mir was ist Nummer Zwei?"

Then followed questions three, four, &c., to twelve, and after the response to each question the answers to the preceding

questions were repeated in inverse order, thus always ending with the answer to the first question.

I remember that answer two was Jesus and his mother: three, the Trinity; four, the Evangelists; . . . seven, the Seven Sleepers; . . . ten, the Commandments; eleven, the 11,000 Virgins; twelve, the Apostles.—Yours obediently,

A. HOUTUM SCHINDLER.

August 5th, 1911.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

The Household Handy Guides:—No. 20. *Portishead* (Somerset). No. 24. *Hayle and Phillack* (Cornwall). The Homeland Association. 3d. each.

Banff and Macduff. Crediton. Farnborough. Lanark. Illustrated Guides post-free from the respective Town Clerks.

Guide to the Mansion House. Compiled by Carl Hentschel. Illustrated. Carl Hentschel, Ltd. 6d.

The Insurance Bill Made Clear. A Guide for the Million. By D. Owen Evans. David Nutt. 6d. net.

Adonis and Esmun. Eine Untersuchung zur Geschichte des Glaubens an Auferstehungsgötter und an Heilgötter. By Wolf Wilhelm Grafen Baudissin. With 10 Plates. J. C. Hinrich, Leipzig. 24 marks.

The Wonder Book of Railways for Boys and Girls. Edited by Harry Golding. Illustrated. Ward, Lock and Co. 3s. 6d.

Joanna Baillies "Plays on the Passions." (Wiener Beiträge zur Englischen Philologie. Band XXXIV.) By Alfred Badstuber, Dr. Phil. Wilhelm Braumüller, Vienna and Leipzig. 4 marks.

Milton und Caedmon. (Wiener Beiträge zur Englischen Philologie. Band XXXV.) By Stephanie v. Gajsek, Dr. Phil. Wilhelm Braumüller, Vienna and Leipzig.

VERSE

Mary and the Bramble. By Lascelles Abercrombie. Published by the Author, Much Marcle, Herefordshire. 1s. 1d. post-free.

The Sale of Saint Thomas. By Lascelles Abercrombie. Published by the Author, Much Marcle, Herefordshire. 1s. 1d. post-free.

Poems. By M. Jourdain. Truslove and Hanson. 3s. 6d. net.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

A History of the Great Moghuls; or, a History of the Badshahate of Delhi from 1605 to 1739 A.D. By Pringle Kennedy, M.A., B.L. Thacker, Spink and Co., Calcutta. 6 rupees.

FICTION

Ladies whose Bright Eyes. A Romance by Ford Madox Hueffer. Constable and Co. 6s.

Phoebe and Ernest. By Inez Haynes Gillmore. Illustrated by R. F. Schabelitz. Constable and Co. 6s.

A Prisoner in Paradise. By Herbert L. Vahey. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.

A Passion in Morocco. By Charlotte Cameron. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.

Madge Carrington and her Welsh Neighbours. By "Draig Glas." Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.

Hetty: the Story of an Ulster Family. By Shan F. Bullock. T. Werner Laurie. 6s.

THEOLOGY

The Christ of the Gospels. (The 41st Fernley Lecture.) By the Rev. W. W. Holdsworth, M.A. Charles H. Kelly, Methodist Publishing House. 3s. 6d.

Zefeth b. Ali's Arabic Commentary on Nahum, with Introduction, abridged Translation, and Notes. Edited by Hartwig Hirschfeld. (Publication No. 3.) Jews' College, London.

PERIODICALS

The Empire Review; *M. A. B.*; *The Triad*, Dunedin, N.Z.; *The Book Monthly*; *The Antiquary*; *The Vineyard*; *The School World*; *The University Correspondent*; *Century Magazine*, Midsummer Holiday No.; *Literary Digest*, N.Y.; *The Bibelot*; *La Revue*; *Mercure de France*; *Ulula*; *Everybody's Story Magazine*; *Friendly Greetings*; *Sunday at Home*; *Boy's Own*; *Girl's Own Paper* and *Woman's Magazine*; *Deutsche Rundschau*; *The Church Quarterly Review*; *St. Nicholas*; *The Bookseller*; *The Land Union Journal*; *Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature*; *The Publishers' Circular*; *The Parsi*, Bombay; *The Wednesday Review*, Trichinopoly; *The Hindustan Review*; *Revue Bleue*; *Lilley's Magazine*, Sydney, N.S.W.

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"The book explains how the various professions may be entered, and gives some hints as to the prospects offered by each. The articles are marked by strong common sense."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

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